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IF ever a municipal administration needed and deserved the loyal and unhesitating support of all public-spirited citizens, the administration of Mayor Mitchel needs it and deserves it at the present moment. It needs support because its attempt to improve the conditions in charitable institutions, supported in part by public appropriations, has brought upon it the enmity of the local Catholic hierarchy. It deserves support because in making the attempt to improve those institutions it is initiating a work of the utmost public value, which no previous administration has dared to undertake. As a consequence of its courageous action it is being malevolently and ruthlessly attacked by a powerful and well organized combination of political and other enemies. Every special interest in the city which has been injured by the efforts of the administration to make New York a better place in which to live is combining to crush the officials who have acted so aggressively and effectively on behalf of the popular welfare. If an equally comprehensive organization is not found to back up the Mayor and the Commissioner of Charities the citizens of New York will be faithless to a clear and urgent public obligation.

"WHY should the people change their government," asked Mr. Roosevelt in Detroit, "if they are merely to change slightly the degree of unpreparedness? The only sufficient reason for a change would be to inaugurate a policy of real and thorough-going preparedness from top to bottom, preparedness to defend ourselves in war, preparedness to do well and justly our normal work of peace." The question put by Mr. Roosevelt was addressed not to his audience, but to the Republican national convention so soon to assemble in Chicago. The future vitality of the party depends more than anything else upon the ability of the Republicans to appreciate the force of Mr. Roosevelt's inquiry. In order to distinguish themselves from the Democracy under its present leadership they must gather themselves together to do a thorough job. It should be admitted that ability and willingness to do a good job may not win them the election next fall. Its result will be determined by conditions which the Republicans are within limits powerless to change, and no matter what their platform and who their candidate their success is doubtful. They are incurring the penalty of what can now be appraised as a vain and demoralizing anticipation of an unearned victory. But whatever the result next fall the party which prepares to do a good job is building for the future. A good job is being made necessary by the actual situation of the country, and the political leaders who anticipate the need will win the confidence of the American people. They will serve the American nation as it was served by the Federalists from 1789 to 1796, by the Democracy from 1800 to 1840, by the Republicans during and after the Civil War. Is there enough moral and intellectual energy in the Republican party to rise to the present occasion?

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REJECTION by the House Naval Committee of the five-year building program, proposed by the Navy Department, is of small importance compared to the comparative liberality of the recommendation for immediate construction. A year ago the proposal to lay down five battle cruisers in one year would have been regarded as a joke. Now the " small navy " representatives on the committee vote for them as well as for a considerable number of smaller craft, and inasmuch as their recommendations are only put forward as a possible minimum they will probably agree to a couple of dreadnoughts in addition and an increased number of scouts and destroyers. Under these circumstances insistence on a five-year program is pedantic. There is really no way in which one Congress can bind its successors, and if the international situation or the state of mind of the country changed, any continuing program could and should be changed. The important thing is to get the largest possible number of capital ships under immediate or early construction. The knowledge that within a few years the fighting power of the American navy will be substantially increased will do more than anything else to promote a sense of popular security, to deprive the alarmists of any sufficient leverage for agitation and to enable the United States to assume its proper share of the future international responsibility for public order.

A CONCURRENT resolution has been submitted to the Senate by Mr. Gore, which illustrates completely the error of a certain phase of American pacifist thinking. The resolution is intended to place on record the desire of the country to maintain " an honorable and lasting peace with all the nations of the world " and the approval by Congress of " all seasonable efforts to promote permanent peace among the warring nations upon such principles as would best insure international justice for the future." With these pious aspirations all decent people will agree; but how does the Senator propose to realize them? What " seasonable efforts " could the President use to bring peace and justice to a world exhausted and bored by satiety in the awful excitement of killing and being killed? The resolution gives no indication except that as a part of the pacific policy of the United States it insists upon the observance by our government of " an even-handed and undiscriminating neutrality." There could not be a more flagrant discrepancy between a noble purpose and a trivial and ignoble method of seeking its realization. In the case of one of the most destructive, calamitous and terribly significant wars in history, this particular advocate of peace has no contribution to make to the solution of the controversy except that of undiscriminating neutrality. Peace is probably the most precarious, the most difficult, the most costly, the most positive good which any people can try to achieve. Is there no better way of promoting it than that of being easily and inexpensively but eloquently neutral or negative?

PRESIDENT WILSON has apparently reached the conviction that there is a better way. His decision to address the League to Enforce Peace in New York on May 25th is a clear indication of an appreciation on his part that if the American people really wish to promote peace they must be prepared not merely to pass resolutions and to utter pious aspirations, but to assume a positive responsibility for its promotion. What the President will say on that occasion the reader of these lines probably already knows, as their writer does not. Considering the policy to which the administration is already committed, and the extent to which the hands of a President of the United States are necessarily tied, Mr. Wilson cannot be expected to propose any immediate action in the direction of constructive peace; but by speaking in favor of the platform of the League the President has taken the first indispensable step in the direction of the adoption by the American government of a positive policy—the step of directing the attention of public opinion to the need of such a policy. For if the League to Enforce Peace means anything, it means that a nation is not contributing sufficiently to the peace of the world merely by keeping out of war and remaining neutral. The essential thought underlying the program of the League is that war like poverty is a collective responsibility and that it must be done away with, if at all, as the result of coördinated action and the heavy risks and sacrifices of all pacific nations. This is substantially the antithesis of the essential thought underlying the Gore resolution.

THE forty-third meeting of The National Conference of Charities and Corrections, held in Indianapolis from May 10th to 17th, was significant for indications of a change in the emphasis of its deliberations as compared with those of former years. Never before was the subject of education given such prominence not only in special sessions but in a general attempt to relate to education discussions on relief and prevention. Never before was sounded so clearly the challenge that " in the near future the National Conference would meet to formulate—not new methods of alleviating poverty but methods of operating upon its cause." And at no previous session was it so emphatically stated that " responsibility, in a democracy, is upon democratic government rather than upon private

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effort to prevent, ameliorate and abolish poverty from the state." In a welter of panaceas, birth control, prohibition, segregation of the feeble-minded, socialism, prison reform, this declaration of a conscious effort to work out social problems through governmental action is a significant indication that the social worker is becoming a citizen.

"I AM an American citizen; I believe in Americanism. By Americanism I mean the sort of ideal which is implied by the Declaration of Independence, the preamble to the Constitution, and Lincoln's Gettysburg speech; I do not mean by it the hatred of Polish immigrants, the snobbery of New England culture or the deification of property rights. I am not a doctrinaire pacificist. I am willing to kill or to be killed for the following: 1. Defense of my family or fellow-citizens against an invading army. 2. Defense of the freedom of conscience, the freedom of speech, or revolt against any form of unreasonable tyranny. I am not willing to kill or be killed for the following: 1. Defense of property interests in industrial disputes. 2. Defense of American government in the Philippines or any other subject possession. 3. Defense of American capital in China or other foreign countries. If I were convinced that the preparedness movement were necessary for the first aims, and were insured against use in the last three aims, I would offer my vote and my person in its service. Unfortunately, however, the personnel, the utterances and the acts of preparedness advocates have gone far to convince me of the contrary. Lest somebody should accuse me of hyphenation, let me state that my lineage is purer than that of Theodore Roosevelt or Agnes Repplier; an ancestor of my name landed on Plymouth Rock; and others fought in the Revolution." Our correspondent sticks to simple terms, but he is probably, aside from the accident of his ancestry, representative of some million votes. Without him the preparedness movement is compromised. His attitude shows how meaningless is the issue of preparedness when not associated with a definite international and domestic policy.

IT would be cold comfort to tell this objector that while selfish interests might bring on a war for reasons beyond his control, such a war would always involve the danger of invasion. To berate him for lack of an international conscience would also be futile. He would probably reply that he would be willing to defend international morality if a clear case could be made out; but clear cases seldom can be made out while international organization is so primitive as at present. The only satisfactory answer would be to establish a government at Washington which would command his complete confidence. When he can be shown a definite international policy of which he approves, when he can be convinced that the economic and social interests of democracy are being more closely conserved than the interests of wealth, he will be more ready to put his life at the disposal of the government. He will remain unconvinced while militia is used in strike troubles, while men like Mr. Rublee and Mr. Brandeis cannot be installed in high office, while congressmen allow private interests to plunder the nation's water-power, while the pension-barrel is supplemented by the militia-barrel, while all the "influences" are doing nothing to prevent the continuance of industrial anarchy. The issue of military preparedness does not obscure the issue of social integration. It makes progressivism more urgent than ever.

ONE of the most important accomplishments of the British Ministry of Munitions was the appointment of a committee, headed by Sir George Newman, to study the whole problem of efficiency and health. After a thorough investigation, this committee has now issued ten brief reports, dealing with Sunday labor, industrial canteens, the employment of women, industrial fatigue and its causes, industrial diseases, ventilation and lighting, and other subjects. The result is an unqualified endorsement of the principle of scientific management and a flat rejection of the theory that the longer the working day and the more intense the strain, the greater the output. The significance of these findings does not lie in their originality but in the fact that they make a breach in the thick wall of British industrial conservatism. Even *The Spectator*, which is not uniformly enlightened on such subjects, accepts the principle that better co-ordination, shorter hours and more frequent resting periods will help output, and even becomes almost tolerant of the "ca-canny" policy of the unions, which was an awkward and sometimes vicious expedient to restrict output in order to save the wage-earner from dangerous overstrain.

WHEN the war broke out, England found its industrial mobilization more difficult than the assembly of its military forces. Its munition factories were totally unprepared: not only machines and men, but also ideas being lacking. English manufacturers, grown conservative, knew no other way of increasing output than to work their men longer and harder, and still harder, and forbid their resort to the public house. They knew nothing of the causes and consequences of industrial fatigue, of the waste and repetition in ordinary industrial processes, or of the relations between fatigue and

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efficiency. The result was inevitable: an increasing pressure upon the workers, a growing fatigue, irritation, disputes and strikes. The employers gave it as their opinion that a few labor leaders should be placed against the wall and shot, while the employees bitterly protested against the stupidity and greed of the employers. In the meanwhile the British troops in France lacked shot and shell, with which the Germans in the opposite trenches were abundantly supplied. In the United States a Committee on Industrial Preparedness, composed of engineering experts, is now investigating our industrial resources. Their attention is wisely called by The National Consumers' League to Sir George Newman's report. They should not fail to ascertain fully our status with regard to length of hours, rest periods, night work for women, and child labor. We must arrive at civilized standards in these matters if we are to be well prepared industrially either for peace or war.

The Ultimate Controversy

AMERICAN public opinion should not accept with too much complacency the unruffled surface of its relations to Germany as they now stand. Germany has submitted and, having submitted, her press is not allowed to waste words on recrimination; but submission is costing her so much that one would prefer the resentment to explode in noisy and threatening words rather than be artificially suppressed. American interference has ended at least for a while the submarine campaign in the British waters just as last winter it stopped the effective activity of the submarines in the Mediterranean. A few weeks ago English journals like *The Nation* were declaring that the embarrassment to commerce by the submarines was becoming a serious peril to British safety. During the past week the peril, whatever it amounted to, has vanished and the flood of British imports and exports rolls in and out of the British harbors unvexed by their furtive foes. The American government is largely responsible for their immunity. Whatever its justification, its interference has as a matter of fact been of enormous assistance to Great Britain and an equally serious handicap to Germany.

Thus the American nation, as a responsible collective body, is actually playing a part in the war and is behaving so as to promote the success of one group of belligerents and the failure of another. Such is the actual result, as many Germans see it, and such is the actual fact as it will affect future international partitions and alignments. In their view of this matter Americans are living in a fool's paradise. Because their government has only been asserting acknowledged rights of American citizens under international law and because it has been seeking to promote the essentially humane and civilized object of protecting the lives of non-combatants at sea, they have in their own opinion been clinging to an essentially disinterested and neutral policy—one which provides Germany with no reasonable ground for offense. This is a manifest and dangerous mistake, analogous to the mistake of believing that a government is purely neutral and disinterested when it ruthlessly suppresses a riot provoked by the importation into a labor dispute of car-loads of strikebreakers. Justification by law is inadequate as an answer to violence when the chief object of the violence is merely to drive home a protest against the law. Germany's submarine campaign has an object of that kind; it is fundamentally a protest against the existing system of maritime law. From the German point of view the body of law which the American government is enforcing against the submarine was designed for the benefit of maritime nations, and places a power which does not control the sea under an unjust and intolerable disadvantage. Germany is fighting in the present war partly for the purpose of breaking down this legal system. Yet the American government and public opinion refuses to consider whether Germany has or has not a grievance against the law but continues imperturbably to insist upon obedience to the law by Germany, no matter whether Great Britain obeys it or not.

How and in what sense has Germany a grievance against the existing system of marine law? When she started on a career of industrial and commercial expansion, she was confronted by one fact of overwhelming importance. The more she came to depend for the livelihood of her people upon waterborne commerce, the more costly and in the end the more impossible it became for her to risk a disagreement with the mistress of the seas. The indefinite increase of her exports of finished products and imports of foodstuffs and raw materials would soon land her in a predicament corresponding to that of Great Britain. She would need either to control the seas or else run a contingent risk of starvation and humiliation at the hands of the maritime ruler. The British navy and its commerce-destroying power under international law constituted the same kind of threat against German security and independence, in so far as it depended on over-seas trade, as would the concentration of an overwhelming military force on their eastern frontier. As against the Russian threat they could enlarge and improve their own military organization; but as against Great Britain no effort of their own would bring them any corresponding security. It was the settled policy of

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the island kingdom to outbuild any other one or any other two competitors. Even though Great Britain adopted her policy as a necessary safeguard of her own security, that explanation was a poor consolation for Germany. In so far as the British fleet could be used to destroy the commerce of an enemy and in so far as the British national policy, of which the fleet was the chief weapon, had any tendency to be either exclusive or obstructive, its superiority became a menace to the independence of all large commercial competitors.

Under such conditions the only course open to Germany was to make an attempt to change the law, which the mistress of the seas would have authority to exercise. Previous to the war the Germans had been agitating for the abolition or the restriction to very narrow limits of the commerce-destroying rights of a superior navy. They argued, as many Americans have argued in the past, that the freedom of the seas during war as well as peace was the permanent and just solution, because under such an arrangement the security of one nation would not bring with it insecurity for all its competitors. By agreeing to allow her enemies to trade freely during war, Great Britain could emancipate herself as well as her possible enemies from an intolerable national danger—that of being starved into submission. The British were so far influenced by these arguments that they came very near to accepting the Declaration of London, which although it was far from providing for the freedom of the seas in the German sense, did rigidly restrict the commerce-destroying rights of a superior fleet. But the Declaration of London was never ratified; and when the war broke out this particular controversy between the two countries remained unreconciled. The Germans had not underestimated its importance. They had, indeed, so far safeguarded their supply of raw materials and food that they could not be immediately starved into submission. Nevertheless the commercial embargo enforced by the British fleet has placed a weapon in the hands of the Allies more dangerous to the Central Powers than the French or the Russian army. If and in so far as Germany is beaten she will be beaten as a consequence of the blockade. Ability to obtain from this country a small part of the assistance which the Allies have obtained would have brought her, if not victory, at least security against defeat.

Such is the controversy into which the vicissitudes of the war have interpolated the United States, and in the outcome of which we are playing a decisive part. Germany had two chances of breaking the aggressive force of the British blockade. One was that the neutral trading nations might insist upon a reading of sea law, such as in the Declaration of London, which would permit her to obtain some of her needed supplies from abroad. The other was that she would be able to use the submarine to interfere with British commerce as a fair measure of retaliation against the suffocating grip of a complete commercial embargo. The policy of the United States has deprived Germany of both these chances. We are allowing Great Britain, in defiance of our own traditional attitude of a strict interpretation of neutral rights, to execute the most comprehensive and inexorable blockade in the history of marine war. As a consequence of a rigid enforcement of similar rights against Germany, we have emasculated the submarine as a commerce destroyer. The net result of American interference has been to make the defeat of Germany possible to an extent that would not have been possible merely as the result of military operations. If the mistress of the seas is to be allowed to exercise the unrestricted power of life and death over an enemy's commerce, sea power has become the most effective weapon of national aggression which has yet been forged in the history of the world.

THE NEW REPUBLIC has supported the policy of emasculating the submarine and of confining American protests against the British embargo within the bounds of ineffectuality. But considering the decisive practical effects of the American contribution, the American government cannot and should not stop at that point. Because of the essentially unneutral effects of its policy, it has incurred a danger and assumed a responsibility. The German government has unquestionably come to class the United States as one of its enemies—as a nation which, under the hypocritical exterior of formal neutrality, is able and willing to contribute to German defeat. The resentment and suspicions of the Germans might be expected to pass, in case there was any prospect of winning the United States to their side hereafter; but the attitude assumed by the American government is, as the Germans must realize, a just reflection of fundamental American interests. If we joined with Germany in protesting against any aggressive use of sea power, the work of building a fleet to make the protest effective would fall largely upon our government. For the American nation there can be no real choice between coöperating with Germany and coöperating with Great Britain. We are obliged to prefer association with the Power which more than any other can threaten our national security, and with whom association will be mutually most beneficial. Thus the logic of American unneutrality is pushing the country in the direction of an arrangement with Great Britain; but if and in so far such an arrangement is ever made, it imposes one supreme obliga-

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tion on the two Powers and in particular on the United States. It imposes the obligation of securing Germany and the world against the use of sea power as an aggressive commerce-destroying weapon in the interest of exclusive national purposes. In case it can be and is being used for such purposes Germany has a genuine grievance, and anything like permanent pacification becomes impossible so long as such a grievance is permitted to survive. Sea power cannot be deprived of its right to destroy commerce, because the result of such deprivation would be enormously to weaken the most effective agency of resistance against aggressive militarism; but the right must be exercised only under conditions and on behalf of policies which can obtain disinterested international approval.

Senatorial Courtesy and Personal Spite

THE refusal of the Senate of the United States to confirm the nomination of Mr. George Rublee as Trade Commissioner should not be allowed to pass unchallenged and unrebuked. The responsibility of the Democrats for the rejection cannot be denied and it constitutes the best possible comment on the claim which they are making to be considered the progressive party. Of course a majority of the senators who voted against confirmation were Republicans, but there were first three and later two times as many Democrats to oppose Mr. Rublee's confirmation as there were Republicans to support it. The number is too large not to fasten on the Democratic party an essential measure of responsibility. The senators have confirmed without protest or misgiving the large number of indifferent or second rate appointments made by the Wilson administration; but as soon as they are asked to confirm an unequivocally good nomination like that of Mr. Rublee, they refused to consent. There is something about their political environment which produces nausea at the spectacle of an appointment of this kind.

The senators can scarcely help being unusually censorious of unequivocally meritorious appointments. They are the victims and the protagonists of a comprehensive and authoritative bi-partisan system rather than intentional enemies of the public welfare. The Senate is composed for the most part of semi-successful lawyers, who possess all the limitations and prejudices of our ruling professional class, but who are usually well intentioned and able men. Yet in spite of their high office and their personal ability and respectability, these men are doing more to injure their country than they could in case they were veritable malefactors. At a time when improved administrative standards are becoming a sheer necessity, they have for all practical purposes entered into a conspiracy to prevent genuine experts, appointed exclusively because of specific ability for the work, from attaining the higher federal administrative positions. Of course many well qualified officials are drafted into the public service in spite of the conspiracy; but their success is rarely due to their specific qualifications. They are almost always appointed because they are politically available; and they are not confirmed unless they are politically unobjectionable. The quality of being politically available attaches only to those men who have played the political game according to the orthodox bi-partisan rules. Mr. Rublee's fatal disqualification consisted in the fact that he had not deserved the support of either political machine. He is essentially an independent in politics, who under ordinary circumstances would never have been considered for a high administrative position, but who in this case was appointed because he had anticipated the necessity of an administrative enforcement of the law of fair competition and helped to frame the legislation for a Trade Commission. But no degree of special qualifications for the work was any compensation for his failure to secure the support of either one machine or the other.

There is no exaggeration in the statement that the senators have for all practical purposes entered into a conspiracy to restrain appointees named exclusively for merit, from entering the public service. Such is the actual effect of the rule according to which the Senate uses its power of confirmation—the rule of senatorial courtesy. The senators have a joint understanding that if one of their own number objects to an appointment of a resident of his state made by a President of his own party, the other senators will agree with him in refusing to confirm. Never was there a more flagrant instance of usurpation by a legislative body of an executive function. The rule operates so as to transfer the power of appointment to many of the most important positions in the federal service from the President to the Senate with a result inimical both to the qualifications of the officials and to the quality of their work. They are appointed usually because of their value to the state political organization; their allegiance is due not to their technical superior, but to the beneficent senator; and the beneficent senator is not troubled by any responsibility for the good of the service. The President is not, indeed, obliged to name anybody recommended by a senator; but he cannot secure the confirmation of anybody not recommended. In practise the senators name the officials and the President either confirms or refuses to confirm their nominations.

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Senatorial courtesy has gradually become the most formidable stronghold of the bi-partisan spoils system—the most insuperable obstacle to the attainment of administrative efficiency in the national service. As long as the rule prevails, all talk about federal administrative reorganization, any attempt to infuse expert knowledge and enthusiasm into the upper branches of the federal service, is condemned to futility. For three generations the poisons generated by American political partisanship have been gathering to a head in order to produce this ugly eruption. Some day it will have to be cut away, but for the present its ugliness and danger are not recognized. Senators from all sections, from all parties, from all classes and from all occupations obediently accept it. Its roots run deep in the soil of American partisan democracy and it will take a terrific explosion to blast them out.

If senatorial courtesy could really have been invoked against Mr. Rublee, he would never have had a chance of confirmation, for the system possesses the power and is not ashamed to exercise it. But as a matter of fact his rejection is due to an absurd and intolerable variation of the rule. Mr. Rublee is a Progressive, nominated for an office which under the law cannot be given to a Democrat. He is supported by the Democratic senator from his own state and opposed by the Republican. Inasmuch as he is not a Republican, but is legally qualified as a Progressive to hold the office, a Republican senator from his state has no sufficient ground for opposition even under the rule. But rules can be stretched. Senator Gallinger claimed the privilege of preventing an exceptionally able and well qualified man from serving the United States government, because this man was personally obnoxious to him. He was unable to quote any actually obnoxious words used by Mr. Rublee, but he was nevertheless supported in his claim by a majority of the Senate. On Senator Gallinger's part the protest was dictated by petty personal spite, which in itself sufficiently indicates the calibre of the man. But what about the majority of the Senate? They must realize that in the long run they cannot reject nominations because of the personal objections by senators of another party. No. They did not intend by their action to establish a dangerous precedent. They have merely applied to an exceptional case the spirit that lies behind the rule of patronage. The object of senatorial courtesy is to exclude from office nominees not in good partisan standing—to subject irretrievably the upper branches of the public service to the chains of a bi-partisan allegiance. Mr. Rublee's sin consisted not in being personally obnoxious to Senator Gallinger but in being a Progressive, and so in failing to secure the support of the Republican machine to an office which could not be held by a Democrat. If the Republicans had supported him, the Democratic reactionaries would not have opposed him. That is why the vote in his favor was predominantly progressive, and the vote against him was almost exclusively reactionary.

The Golden Egg

WE are hearing much to-day of the rapacity of labor. Solemn editorials declaim against the greed of grimy workers, who already earn their big two dollars a day, and yet covet more. Labor is admonished not to turn our present prosperity into adversity, not to kill the ancient goose that lays the golden egg. But, unfortunately, labor is a little hard of hearing. It has to get up very early in the morning and is too dulled after its day of work to give proper consideration to these pleas for justice and moderation. It cares very little about the ancient goose and very much about the golden egg. Labor believes that it must pursue its own interest or forfeit that interest. It knows no other way of securing fair wages than to get all it can.

How much labor can get, how much it has already obtained, it is difficult to say. It has been calculated that during the past year money wages advanced from 5 to 15 per cent, and that the wage-increases that went into effect on May 1st, 1916, benefited some 800,000 employees to the extent of $75,000,000 a year. Week by week this raising of wages spreads throughout the country. By strikes and the silent competition of higher wages elsewhere, pressure is brought to bear upon employers in industries hitherto unaffected. All the advantages are with the worker. Business is flourishing, the scale of prices high, employment steady, while the war has brought to an end the importation of foreign laborers, upon whom employers depended to keep down wages. The surplus labor supply is gone, and even the semi-unemployables are at work. Never in our history has the demand for labor more completely overbalanced the supply.

It is a bad time to preach contentment or even moderation to the wage-earner. He reads about enormous war profits, flush times, easy money. He knows that he must pay more for his meat and groceries, and he wants more money, as much more as he can get. He has just passed through a period in which his real earnings have declined, for in the last decade prices have advanced faster than money wages. The worker had more dollars in his pay-envelope, but could buy less with them. Now he has a chance to redress the balance. Doubtless his increased wages will raise prices still further, but at least part of this increase, perhaps the greater part, will be paid by others than wage-earners.

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Wage-labor demands its share in the universal prosperity. It demands higher wages, shorter hours, better labor conditions, a large share in the control of industrial government. It wants more in the present, and a better strategical position in the future. It knows that it cannot get more than the industry will bear, but within that limit it will take all it can.

To many good citizens this will seem a grasping policy. It is. Yet under our present industrial system, no alternative is offered. That system is based upon the idea that each individual and group will secure by all peaceful means whatever it possibly can. Except where the public interest is adversely affected, anyone may demand anything for his labor or wares, in reason or out of reason. The United States Steel Corporation may raise its prices one or three hundred per cent; the munitions manufacturers may quintuple their charges; and the farmer is entitled to charge whatever the customer will pay. The process undoubtedly bears heavily on individuals and on certain economic groups. Thus, when the value of money falls, as it has fallen lately, the increase in prices, profits and wages lays a heavy burden upon the people with fixed incomes. Indeed, every change in the relative bargaining power of the various groups creates the necessity for painful readjustments. Yet no one demands that capitalists shall accept less than current interest rates or merchants less than current prices, and the government is not asked to intervene unless the change in conditions is one which undermines the health, safety or prosperity of the nation as a whole.

The present rise in wages has no such tendency. It is not excessive, or even adequate. In part it is a belated effort to overtake the rise in prices, to restore, in other words, a former wage. Beyond this, doubtless, it represents an advance. But even if wages increased more rapidly than they are now increasing, it would be a long time before they brought a reasonably equitable distribution of income within sight. A very large proportion of American wage-earners still receive much less than a living wage, interpreting that phrase in the strictest sense. An increase in wages is therefore in the interest not of the workers alone but of the community. It means in general a higher standard of living, better health, greater efficiency, a somewhat more equal distribution of incomes, and a greater purchasing power of the masses, upon which the stability of our national industry must be based. The rise in wages undoubtedly presses hard the industries in which prices cannot be advanced, but in the main the increase is a necessary and a healthy accompaniment of the present expansion of our industry.

How long the present upward tendency in wages will continue and how long thereafter the higher wage level can be maintained will depend upon the length and course of the war, and upon the economic conditions which peace will bring. Much of the enlarged demand for labor is in industries which will decline or even disappear upon the conclusion of peace. This will mean disruption, unemployment and a painful adjustment to new conditions. But it is scarcely probable that it will involve a final end of our present industrial intensity. What is more likely is a mere change in the direction of our productive energies, perhaps a slackening but not a complete stopping. In the years immediately following the war, Europe, in process of reconstruction, is likely to make continued demands upon our industry.

For the wage-earner, however, the all-decisive factor is the supply of labor. You cannot maintain your standard of living if an unlimited number of less exigent men are competing for your job. The experience of the last two years has again proved to the wage-earner what he abundantly knew before, that a restriction of his numbers means on the whole an increase in his wage, while an indefinite increase means a reduction. If after the war immigrants pour in at the rate of a million a year, it will be difficult to keep real wages up to their present level, for even though money wages do not fall, prices will rise. If, however, immigration is restricted, either by economic improvement in Europe or by legislation in this country, the wage-earner will be better able to maintain or increase his present wage, shorten his hours—which is a more durable gain than an increase in wages—and perfect an industrial organization which will permanently assure him a more decent standard of living and a better ability to resist exploitation.

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The Vigil of Arms

IT was thought appropriate that a man should pass the eve of his knighthood "bestowing himself in orisons and prayers." A knight should be a good knight, "a noble and gentle knight"—one dedicated to service and jealous of honor. Similarly a nation about to arm itself should confess its sins and renew allegiance to its ideals. It will not do to substitute for a code so exacting as that of chivalry, or a cause so clear as that of the crusades, a mere indeterminate vow of patriotism. Loyalty to one's country, unless one understands its policy and helps to mould it, is simply a renouncing of one's judgment. If we are to make training for military service a part of citizenship, as I think we must, it is therefore important to adjust that duty to those ends that justify our national existence. In particular, how shall we be as strong as the hazard of war requires with the least prejudice to our peaceful pursuits and our constructive humane ends? It is the importance, here and now, of such a stock-taking and reckoning of cost that will justify, I hope, the rehearsal of familiar truisms.

The American army should be both dedicated to the service of democracy, and also itself an example of democracy. Democracy is on trial, as it has been many times before. Just now it is a question whether a democracy can survive; therefore, whoever devotes himself to democracy must seek ways of making it strong. A democratic government must be able to do what other governments do, namely, provide security against attack from abroad, and the necessary mechanism and organization by which the nation may exert its united strength when occasion requires. A democracy which relies for the execution of its policies on the indulgence or accidental interest of another nation is a confessed failure, whatever liberty of speech and thought it may enjoy in its domestic affairs. To prove that a democracy can maintain itself, protect the interests under its charge, and be as good as its word, is then the service which the armed force of a democracy owes to the cause of democracy.

If the army and navy are not to subvert the democracy for which they act, they must be democratic in their own internal spirit and organization, without loss of discipline. In a democratic army the officer and the private are comrades because, each doing something needful, they acknowledge one another's support in the common cause. The officer is not a person who enjoys privileges so much as one whose duties are more exacting and more responsible. He is less distinguished by his trappings than by his long hours. He is more bound than the private, who looks to him rather with gratitude than with envy. Responsible leadership and prompt concerted obedience are not undemocratic where they are pervaded by this understanding of the game, and the will to play one's part in it. They become undemocratic only when the difference between officer and private coincides with more generally recognized social cleavages. To avoid this it is important that men of wealth and position should serve in the ranks, and that men who are favored only by their military experience and native fitness should rise from the ranks to command them. To the same end it is important that humiliating punishments should be avoided, and the authority of officers confined within clearly recognized bounds, so as to protect the self-respect of privates from the abuse or caprice of authority. In short, a democratic army must owe its discipline to morale and loyalty rather than to harshness and to fear. It is self-evident that there is most hope of fostering this spirit in an army of citizenship, conscious both of the equal dignity and of the common service which that rôle implies.

Universal military service is consistent with democracy only in so far as it is popular. The principal objection to the so-called voluntary system is the fact that when compulsion is at last used, as it inevitably is, it is without the support either of the habit or the judgment of the people. The constitutionality of compulsion is not disputed. Every government must at least hold it in reserve as a course of last resort. In any war with a nation of equal or superior power it will always be possible that the voluntary system will prove inadequate. The only way of avoiding the ugly method by which, after the more willing have first been drained away, the more unwilling residuum is then threatened and coerced, is to adopt the policy of universal service from the outset, with open eyes, because of its utility and its justice. It is then possible to create habits of mind and of body that are really consistent with national needs.

The success of the policy in this country as in England or any other democracy must depend on the attitude of the working classes. There is reason to hope that organized labor may be converted to the principle of national service, not only from motives of patriotism, but for its educational and social advantages, and for its direct bearing on

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economic difficulties through the creation of a better understanding between the working man and his employer. It is also probably inevitable that universal service should lead to the state's assuming on its side a greater responsibility for the welfare of the working classes. In short a more provident and constructive economic policy might well grow out of the more vigorous nationality and the more vivid sense of coöperation and mutual dependence which universal military service would stimulate.

Whatever system of military service this country may adopt must be suited to our peculiar institutions and to whatever we account indispensable to our national spirit. It has been argued that any military system is contrary to the genius of America. We are reminded of those who came here to escape military service, and to whom America would not be America were it not for that immunity. Now it is dangerous to identify national life merely with immunity. Men will go anywhere to escape a disagreeable duty. That they should come to America from that motive argues no devotion to American institutions and promises no willingness to assume the responsibilities of citizenship. It is a misfortune that America is reputed to be a land where you can make money easily and do as you please. Those whom this repute brings to us are likely to feel abused when they find that success requires work, law, and taxes here as elsewhere. Compulsory military service is in principle contrary to no ideal save that of making bricks without straw, which is an illusion on which no national life can be founded.

That which is most necessary in order to adapt military training to American life is that men should be, as in the Swiss system, withdrawn only for short periods from civil life. The function of war must always be regarded as subordinate to peaceful pursuits, in the life of the individual as well as in that of the nation. The citizen must be a non-combatant first and a soldier second. He must derive his tastes and standards from his family, economic, political or recreative associations, so as to prevent the development or dominance of a distinct military type.

It is essential to democracy that the civil authority should be superior to the military authority. This is provided for in our constitutional forms and is heartily seconded by public opinion. But it has been urged against compulsory service, by Mr. Norman Angell, for example, that it requires a man to fight in a war he deems unrighteous, and stops him from criticizing it. That any given individual should be free at all times to do as his conscience dictates is somewhat less possible in time of war than in time of peace. But the difference is only one of degree. Authority of any kind, civil or military, implies that individuals shall do under pressure what they would otherwise not do. If a man is unfortunate enough to be a conscientious nihilist or a conscientious polygamist, he will find himself constrained to act contrary to his own best judgment. He may have conscientious scruples against paying his taxes, or against educating his children. But the state will penalize his action without respecting his conscience; and if he incites to riot on behalf of his own peculiar ideals he may have to submit to martyrdom. It is in principle precisely the same situation which exists in time of war. If the nation is in fact at war, then the executive and military authorities must prosecute that war as effectively as they can under such laws or rules as may be best for their guidance. A citizen who does not approve of the war must bide his time. He has had his opportunity to influence national policy, and he will have it again. Meanwhile he must bear his share of the burden which the national exigency imposes. Whether he be a volunteer or a conscript will not much matter. He cannot expect to reserve liberty of action in the presence of the enemy. If his conscience is offended so much the worse for his conscience. What he needs is a new conscience which will teach him to keep the faith with his fellows until such time as their common understanding and their controlling policy shall have been modified. The man who refuses to obey the law or play the game because he has been outvoted is more likely to be afflicted with peevishness or egotism than exalted by heroism.

Since military service itself emphasizes the central authority, increases solidarity, and promotes loyalty to whatever is traditional or established, it is important that it should be offset by agencies tending to independence, individuality and criticism. The greatest of these agencies is education. Over and above the education for livelihood and the education for service, it is indispensable that there should be the education that emancipates. There could be no greater disaster in a free country than that a national educational system should be contrived merely to mobilize the intellectual and moral resources of the community for the purposes of the state. Coöperation, patriotism, and all the civic virtues must indeed be imparted, but without killing that revolutionist and non-conformist that lives within every free man's breast. Nationalistic education must never displace that "universal" or "personal" education which Goethe said only noblemen enjoyed in his day, but which in a democracy must open to all eager minds.

If war is not to be the result of caprice or accident, if it is not to be forced upon one unexpectedly by the aggression of another nation, it must be subordinated to some general international policy. As

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has been rightly insisted, military preparations can be rational only when they are supplemented by some statesmanlike and far-reaching plan of action. The present war is rapidly destroying our traditional domesticity. The American policy has in the past been a home policy, such as the securing of independence, the winning of the West, and the preservation of the Union. The Monroe Doctrine, if it is to survive, must be put upon a new international basis. That we must henceforth live among the nations was a heresy yesterday, but to-day it is only a truism. It is as true of a nation desiring to be let alone as of one cherishing dreams of conquest. For the future a nation can as little afford to be without an alliance as a man can afford to be without a country. That isolation which was once our strength is now our weakness.

A liberty-loving country like our own must bring its rustic virtues into the international society. It is possible to be cosmopolitan without being cynical. There is no reason why we should not be diplomatic without being arrogant. There is a courtesy which reconciles pride with generosity, and enables self-respecting individuals to pay honor without inquiring too particularly whether it is due. Similarly there is a mode of national conduct which permits of national convictions and national purpose without loss of humor and tolerance. Let us, therefore, cultivate this spirit of reciprocating and chivalrous nationality.

The political principle by which international relations may be rescued from lawlessness but without offending against the just pride of individual nations, is federalism. Fortunately it is more than a principle; it is an achievement. The integrity of the British Empire under the strain of war is the proof that it is possible. World-wide federation means one state for international purposes, together with autonomy for national purposes. It implies the rallying of all nations to the enforcement of a policy that shall promote the diversity of national cultures, and enable each nation to prosper in its own way. The problem that arises from the contrast between more advanced and more backward peoples has its only chance of solution through the same principle. The obligation of civilization to savagery is that of helping it to its feet, without directing where it shall walk. We shall have done our work well in the Philippines if we have taught those who live there how to be different from ourselves, and how to do it well. If we were to force our culture upon them, and convert them, for example, to the literary school of Bret Harte, Mary E. Wilkins and James Whitcomb Riley, we should commit an impertinence, and we should have impoverished the world. If we can show them how to keep the peace among themselves and with others, how to find their own resources and develop their own capacities, and then leave them to perfect themselves in their own way, we shall have helped a brother and created a new nation.

He who takes up arms must enter the service of peace. This is not a mere paradox, or the echo of a prevailing sentiment, but honest downright morals. Universalism must take precedence of nationalism on the same ground that entitles nationalism to precedence of individualism. Nationalism is a higher principle of action than individualism, by all the *other* individuals of whom it takes account. A nation is not a mystical entity, other than you and me, but it is more than you or me inasmuch as it is both and still more besides. Similarly, humanity is more than nationality, not because it is different, but because it is bigger and more permanent. No man, least of all a soldier, can ignore any of the effects of his conduct. He must promise himself that his conduct shall in the final reckoning be helpful rather than hurtful. He must have imagination and intelligence enough to judge his action by its effects across the boundaries of his nation and of his time. If he be thus enlightened he will then justify himself only when his action, though in its first incidence it be destructive, is in its full effect a saving and multiplication of life.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Ornstein

LEO Ornstein has been before the public as a composer less than two years, and has gained for himself, in that relatively brief time, a musical bad reputation of the first water. Of all the ultra-modern composers, it is he who is most generally held the *diabolus in musica*, the incarnation of all that is destructive in the musical art of our day. Ravel, Scriabine, and Strawinsky are well on the road to becoming classics; Schoenberg is already a trifle *vieux jeu*. Ornstein alone continues to represent to the critics the composer delighting in ugliness for its own sake, and to the public the grand comic figure it demands the ultra-modern composer to be. The twenty-one year old anarch, whose classic precision of phrase and richness of touch have placed him as a pianist in the front rank of those now before the public, is commonly held a composer laboring under the delusion that creative work consists of disgraceful assault and battery on the major-minor system that has served European music for three centuries. The novelty of his idiom seems to have rendered a whole world unable to gauge the content of his art.

The fact that Richard Wagner, too, was hooted,

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ridiculed and denounced during the greater portion of his career does not, of course, prove Leo Ornstein a great genius. One thing alone the world has gained from knowledge of the struggle of the Wagnerian art. It is a certain consciousness of the futility of aesthetic theorizing. The opponents of the Bayreuth master definitely proved him violator of every artistic canon; and the very conclusiveness of their proof has done little more than intensify the scepticism regarding aesthetic discussion. Anatole France shows a similar scepticism in the preface to the last volume of "La Vie Littéraire": "The science of aesthetics has no firm basis. Attempts have been made to establish it on ethical grounds. But ethics itself possesses no solid foundation; neither does sociology nor biology. . . . Only after biology has been established, several thousand years hence, shall we be able to have a firmly based sociology. That will take centuries, and only then will it be possible to erect a science of aesthetics." In the light of such a statement from one of the ablest critics we know, the deliberate avoidance of any discussion of the divine right of the major-minor system, and, pendant to it, Ornstein's sense of form, will be pardoned. One thing only need be testified in the matter. For those—and their number grows continually—who have mastered Ornstein's idiom sufficiently to come to an understanding of the content of his art and the quality of the human experience there transmuted into sound, the form is little short of perfect. With this assurance, an interpretation of the facets of life revealed by this new music remains the soundest of approaches to a comprehension of it.

Leo Ornstein comes to offer us a contact with our own time, and in particular with the spiritual life developed by our cities. It may be that the experiences of the composer, precisely because they are those of a boy of twenty-one, born in the Pale of Russia, and living for years in New York's lower East Side, are of a quality distinctly limited. But just this limitation, this concentration on a life practically foreign to the art-forms of music, enabled him to make his first original contribution to music. Probably the luckiest thing that happened to young Ornstein was the flight of his family from Krementschúg that transformed him during the formative period of his life from the pianistic infant-prodigy of Petrograd society into the boy of a dense and livid slum. For when, at the age of nineteen, leaving behind him the traces of the composers who had most influenced him, Moussorgsky and Debussy, Ornstein began making music out of what he himself had felt, it was the voice of the city proletariat that pierced, raucous and dissonant, but with a primeval starkness that left no suspicion of the sentimentally sordid, into European music. The " Dwarfs " of the six musical moods that comprise his first wholly individual utterance are scarcely the gnomes of Grimm's Fairy Tales. They are the stunted and subterranean lives of those ground by want and ignorance. It is precisely the fact that Ornstein offered the world, not what one could wish the unfortunate and despairing to feel, but what in their sunless existence they do feel, that to-day makes the concert audience turn in revulsion from the grim hatred that speaks in the pitiless " Dawn," from the naked grief of the " Funeral March " that better perhaps than any other music, voices the tragedy of the Russian Jew. One wonders whether in any other composition, even in his setting for chorus of the Thirteenth Psalm, the composer has again succeeded in recapturing the accents that recall, across all the culture of Europe, the savage and solemn utterances of the Old Testament.

Of course, there is something adolescent in the impulsive surrender to the emotion of the moment that speaks in much of Ornstein's work, but here again the value of the music is that it is the expression, not through the golden haze of retrospection, but by an adolescent, of feelings young in all their violent griefs and joys, in all their sharp, unreflecting, trembling strength. There is all the loneliness of youth in the music, all the mysterious dreams of a world scarce understood, all the hesitancy and groping of untried power. One senses the pavements eternally stretching between steely buildings, the black hurrying tides of humanity, and through them all, the oppressed figure of one searching out the meaning of all this convulsive activity into which he has been born. It is such a solitude that speaks in the first " Impression of Notre-Dame," with its gray mounting masses, its cloistral reverberation of bells, its savage calls of the city to the one standing alone with the monument of a dead age. The energy of adolescence, unleashed, rejoicing in muscular activity, disports itself in the " Shadow-Dances," in the frenetic " Wild Men's Dance" that is like a boy's dream of wild Indians. The bitterness of adolescence mocks in the " Three Burlesques," in the " Dance of the Gnomes " with its parodying of clumsy movements. What revolt in the Piano Sonata! And other emotions, timid and uncertain of themselves, uneasy with the swelling sap of springtide, speak their poetry and their pain in the movement of the same sonata entitled " Love," in some of the early Preludes. Here again the wonder of the work is that it is so nakedly, so vigorously, the record, extraordinarily unconcerned with the musical procedure of the past, of actual experiences. It tells its tale; is silent; and while one speculates whether it is in music or not, one discovers that he has heard real episodes out of the life of the composer, and perhaps through him, episodes

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out of the lives of a whole upgrowing generation.

"Youthful" Ornstein's imagination scarcely is. It is something more primitive, less mature and civilized, than that. One can almost call it child-like, for it has conserved to an unusual degree the wonder and terror that fill the child's mind, and the unspoiled freshness with which it views every manifestation of life. Without that quality of imagination he could scarcely have conceived that rhapsody of grinding cranes, churning turbines, bells and factory whistles that is the piece for piano he calls "Impression of the Thames." Without it there could have been no "Second Impression of Notre-Dame," with its gargoyles that for an instant come to life; no symphonic sketch "The Fog," with its suggestion of the veiled gigantic shapes that fill the child's dream; no Violin Sonata. Certainly that was the common possession that drew him to William Blake, and gave him one of the great literary aids to his own development. His reverence for Blake is attested by the setting of some of the engraver's songs, the dedication of the Violin Sonata. An even greater stimulus was received from Andreyev. Here again it is the common ability to transmute into art by means of a powerful and lurid imagination the life of the time that makes the kinship of the lyric composer for the tragic moralist, so strongly felt in one of Ornstein's latest piano works, "The Masqueraders." Both, one by means of plays and stories, one by means of music, are struggling to advance the universal sympathy and understanding that for them is the contribution of art to the salvation of the world.

Such, perhaps, is something of the significance of the music Leo Ornstein has composed. One can only rejoice that he should already have expressed in such original, powerful and permanent form what of life has been revealed to him, and await with confidence the donation his developed breadth and poise is sure of making us. With confidence; for of what quality it will be, his most recent work, the three sets of Preludes for piano, gives ample assurance.

PAUL L. ROSENFELD.

Freedom That Kills

REACTIONARY, thus you will describe me. I do not like the movement for birth control. It is with reluctance I confess it, because THE NEW REPUBLIC, for which I wait impatiently out here on the prairie, to shape my thought on war and public policy and what else is big and baffling, does not share my aversion. Thought should be wholly free, I admit. Speech should be as free. Action, so far as is at all possible, should be free, too. I might quibble, to be sure, over the difference between the freedom of individual thought, speech, action, and the freedom of organized schools of doctrine, systematic propaganda. They are really different, you know. They are not to be defended in identical terms. But this is not the kernel of my dissent. Since I became alive to my ineradicable antipathy to the agitation for placing the key to life in human control, I have found many solid psychological and sociological reasons in support of my position. Aha, you say, this reactionary set out with a bias. So indeed I did, and so did you and all the rest. One has been biased by the teachings of the Church, another by those of Dr. Malthus. One has had seared upon his imagination the utter wreck of values created by the death of an only child; another has been revolted by the fathomless misery of the reeking tenement, bursting with anemic, unkempt children. One has a sense of a world exuberant with life; another, of a world growing colder, harder, declining towards universal death. As we live, so we must be biased on life and its renewal through birth. We can not escape prejudice, and the only possibility of a meeting of minds lies in frank confession of the source of the prejudice. What is yours? Mine, in a word, is Felicia. Wee daughter of light, swift and sure of desire, uncertain of steps, fourth to take her place in the highest chair at my table. And mine is an income class in which the Zweikinder system is rapidly acquiring force of Mosaic law.

Felicia, fountain of bubbling laughter, you were a sad indiscretion, in the secret thought of my friends, effusively felicitating. Felicia, compact of sunshine and spring flowers, you are omen of black disaster, in the thought of some of my friends (very deep, they) who hold every birth to be a murder, murder of another child starved for want of such a bit of bread as you eat. We might debate this question, you and I: should you have been at all? Wiser men than I have debated this delicate question with women less wise than you, for as yet you have hardly any words of your own, to stop your pretty ears with vanity.

You have placed a barrier across the path of us, your parents, toward our chosen careers—you and the other three little blonde heads rising stepwise into the future. A career, you ask, what is that? It is a glittering formula, a potent abracadabra, that men do not doubt in these days when they

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doubt truth and life and God. It is to do, not the work that lies next, but the work that lies farthest, veiled in the horizon's blue mist. It is to be admired by those who do not understand, esteemed by those who do not weigh. It is to gain contact with wise and brilliant and powerful persons whose wisdom and brilliancy and power are not, alas, contagious. It is like the fruit that grows on Christmas trees; look upon it and you are soon tired; touch it, and it breaks and cuts your fingers. And my parents would have preferred this pretty hollow thing to me? Not to a smile of yours, or a cry of your deepest woe, sweet as the sobbing of doves. Not now when we know you, Felicia. But we did not know you always, and the propagandists of birth control would have placed it at our discretion to deny you life, unseen, unheard, unknown. Monstrous, isn't it?

What kind of faded argument is this that is being foisted upon me, demands the reader, outraged. It is nothing but thinly disguised theology; its sociology and economics are pre-Malthusian. It premises a household well above the breadline, but the case that concerns us is the household where the fourth child quarrels with the third for its rightful share of milk and both snatch at the bread in the thin fingers of the second and first. The argument premises wide prairies where food is cheap and wholesome, where green hills and meadows invite even the poorest child to play, and sweet smelling haylofts to sleep. We are concerned with the slum, where the sun is an infrequent and disdainful visitor, where the cramped tenements offer little air and bad, where the food is dear and its quality not specified. In short, you are generalizing from the obsolescent simplicity of your prairie cottage to the infinite complexities of an urban society.

I seem to stand convicted. Here, on my prairie no child has ever gone to bed hungry. Here men do not hunt despairingly for work; rather, they are disposed to run away from it, regarding it as the curse of Adam. And if your movement for birth control can make over the industrial centers, destroy the slum, place the urban working class on a secure and comfortable plane of living, I will gladly sink my prejudices in the matter. But can it? Misery is just as deep in infertile Paris as in Berlin, mother of multitudinous sons. Look behind the semblance of prosperity of the prudent French peasantry; you will find that fair fields and sad hearts go very well together. You are requiring of birth control a remedy for the consequences of the inadequate education and lack of initiative of the workers, the inefficiency and short-sightedness of employers, the chaotic distributive system of society at large. But these evils afflict a sparse population as well as one that is dense. The working household with many children is wretched. Only when the working household with few or none at all is far from humanly comfortable. And what guaranty have you that if the working class as a whole voluntarily lightened their family burdens, wages would not be readjusted accordingly? The childless female factory towns do not live in exemplary comfort. Wages there are made to fit the childless state.

You who now urge birth control are ardent social reformers. Do you realize that you are taking a leaf out of the political manual of the anti-reformers of a hundred years ago? They, too, insisted that the poverty of the working class was due to their excessive fertility. "Serves them right; let them learn prudence." Malthusianism was a lightning rod, to sink into the ground the thunderbolts of social justice. The birth-control movement is Malthusianism in modern guise. It will yet be appropriated by your enemies.

But the question, you say, involves something more fundamental than economic consequences nobody understands well enough to dogmatize about. It involves essential human liberties. We are seeking to place each person's destinies in his own control. One is averse to parenthood; let him not be constrained to it through ignorance. Another wishes many offspring: let him be free, in Heaven's name. No, that is just what he cannot be. Discretion, in the long run and for the mass, means conformity, social constraint. Free the priest from his cassock; he will be constrained to follow the fashions. Free the youth from his vows of total abstinence; he will be constrained to drink. Subject the creation of new life to the canons of free reason, it will be community reason, not individual, that will eventually dominate. Have I not indicated how many friends in their secret thought voted nonexistence, retrospectively, to Felicia, joy of my life? We are not here dealing with matter of brute fact and abstract number, but with life and its values, an instable, swelling, shrinking stream, readily thrown into deep shadow or brightly illumined by the general approval or disapproval. Let me shut you in a cell with my friend X, materialist, rationalist; in a week you would become profoundly sceptical of the value of your own life. But the value of new life is of all values the one most easily killed. You would establish freedom? Your freedom may easily become the most brutal of tyrannies, reaching into the very soul and choking it to the relinquishment of purposes the tenderest and most wholesome in the world.

Let us return to sociology. You are proponents of quality of life versus quantity, you say. What kind of population would develop under the selective influence of the social forces you set in motion? Suppose that we consider first the more com-

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fortable, property-owning class. To be sure, your propaganda is not directed toward these, but social propaganda can not be counted on to keep the direction you intend to give it. As likely as not, it blows back, like the fumes from German gas bombs. Well, in the property-owning class rational birth control is sure to merge itself with the institution of property itself. The property builder cannot look with equanimity upon the indefinite subdivision of his possessions. A son to inherit the estate, a daughter to be adequately dowered, this is the rule that has prevailed and, in reason, is bound to prevail. You cannot take chances with your one son, inheritor of your lands and goods; you will not send him forth upon adventures; you will see that the chief adventure of his life, mating, is governed by the rules of your prudence. You will take no chances with your daughter's fate; you will choose wisely for her, with an eye especially to property. It is a safe, solid system. But life is unsafe, unstable. Infallibly it rejects in the end a class exposed to this system. Such a class cannot possibly be self-perpetuating. And if it is true that in the secular progress of society it is the better stock into whose hands property drifts, the selective process in so far makes for qualitative deterioration.

Well, let the property-owning stocks die out, you say. As good stocks will come up from the working classes now held under. Such to be sure has been past experience. But you are proposing to introduce a selective process among these classes. Now, will your kind of birth control select out specially for suppression the Simple Simons, the Peeping Toms, the Dumme Lisas? Oh, no, indeed. As a chemical stain permeates a bacteriological culture, infallibly selecting certain specific bacteria to encarnadine and kill, so would the influence of your propaganda permeate the working class, selecting out for suppression the more sensitive, intelligent, responsible. Better these stocks should die, you say, than that the present relentless strife for bread should continue. Let us reflect upon the point.

The strength of an army consists chiefly in its officers, especially in its subordinate officers. The most consummate generalship is vain unless the general can find to his hand abundant material for his staff, for the colonelcies and captaincies, and most of all for the posts of sergeant and corporal. Given a fully manned organization of command, and Simple Simon and his tribe will fight effectively in the ranks. Extirpate the lower grades in the hierarchy in which the organization is visibly embodied, and all the greatest general can do is to lead his Simple Simons to precipitate and disastrous flight. It is not otherwise with our industrial armies. Their efficiency depends upon their organization, and the organization in the concrete is the body of men officering industry. We could multiply our productive power twofold, threefold or more if our industry were sufficiently well officered. Give us our needed officers, well born, well trained, and we will make the world yield its fruits in abundance for its children, though they swarm multitudinously over its surface. Weed out the officers, and the mass must shrink down through starvation to something like the sparse groups of prowling wretches, without joy, without vision but with unbreakable endurance that represented human life in time of barbarism. Our industrial officers of the future can not come from the propertied classes or from the class embodying industrial leadership to-day. These classes already enjoy your freedom and are on the road to extinction. Leadership in the mass must come, if at all, from the better working stocks. And these are the stocks most likely to succumb to the prudence that sterilizes, the freedom that kills. Excellent are your intentions, O self-selected guardians of the gates of life.

CASPAR LANG.

On Discussion

GRAHAM WALLAS, in his "Great Society," wrote few more interesting sentences than that in which he remarked the paucity of genuine discussion around him, the lack of skill in meeting each others' minds which Englishmen showed when they talked together. Particularly in this country where mere talk is always contrasted unfavorably with action, is discussion rare. The only way we can justify our substitution of talking for acting is to talk badly. And we like to talk badly. To put into talk the deliberate effort which action demands would seem an insufferable pedantry. Talk is one of the few unspecialized talents still left in a mechanical world. The plain man resents any invasion of this last preserve of freedom. He resents the demand that skill and effort be put to work in raising talk into real discussion where points are met and presuppositions are clarified and formulations made. So conversation is left to grow wild as a common flower along the wayside of our personal contacts.

Yet this lack of art in discussion is not really due to lack of desire. An inner need drives talk into something more formal. Discussion is popular, and because it is popular it needs, in spite of the plain man, a certain deliberate technique. One often stumbles on groups which have met not because some problem has seized them all and will not let them go until it is satisfied, but because they have felt a general craving for talk. They find that their mental wheels will not rotate without some corn to grind. In the revelation of what each person thinks it important to discuss, one gets

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the attitude of his mind and the color of his governing philosophy. Such a group is a kind of kindergarten of discussion. Ostensibly equal and sympathetic in background and approach, they show in very little time the startling diversity of their actual equipment and mental framework. A score of people all doing apparently the same quality of work in the professional world, all enjoying a popular reputation, all backed by a college education, all reacting constantly to each other in the intersecting world of journalism, art, teaching, law, will often be found to show a lack of mental sympathy so profound that one wonders how such people can smilingly continue to seem to be living in the same world. They are using the same words, but they are not using the same meanings, and because they are not conscious that it is really meanings which they should be exchanging, the discussion is apt to lose itself feebly as in desert sands. What really emerges from most discussions, you find, is an astonishing array of philosophical skeletons-in-the-closet which stalk about the room unchallenged. Their owners are quite unconscious of this fatal escape. Yet it takes little wit to discover rigid platonists discoursing with pragmatists, minds whose first operation in thinking is always to fix a moral judgment contending with remorseless realists. Ideals are discussed when one man means by an ideal a measuring-stick for human conduct, another a social goal towards which he works. Concepts emerge which to half the company represent a mental vacuum, and to the other half imply a warm glow of virtue. World-philosophies which might be recognized are shabbily ignored. The feeble sparring of their distorted shadows is taken for discussion, and the company separates with a vague feeling of having occupied itself for an evening with something profitably mental.

All the time, however, it is these fundamental philosophies which are the real antagonists, and not the concrete ideas which are the subjects of discussion. A good discussion passes rapidly into an examination of those presuppositions. It is more interested in charting out the minds of the other talkers than in winning small victories or getting agreements. Good discussion is a kind of detective uncovering the hidden categories and secret springs of emotion that underlie " opinions " on things. It seeks that common background and store of meanings in which alone diverse opinions can really meet and operate. We can no longer tolerate reasons which are only retrospective props for action that was really impulsive in its origin. No more should we tolerate in discussion that stubborn voicing of attitudes which seem axiomatic to the speaker only because he has never examined the structure of his own thought. It is popular nowadays to welcome the expression of every new attitude. But a discussion should be tolerant and hospitable only after the ground has been cleared. You must be very sure that what you have to deal with is a real attitude and not a counterfeit. Discussion remains mere talk if it remains content with the expression of an "opinion" and does not put the expressor to immediate cross-examination to discover in the name of what Weltanschauung the opinion came.

Discussion should be one of the most important things in the world, for it is almost our only arena of thinking. It is here that all the jumble of ideas and impressions that we get from reading and watching are dramatically placed in conflict. Here only is there a genuine challenge to put them into some sort of order. Without discussion intellectual experience is only an exercise in a private gymnasium. It has never been put to the test, never had to give an account of itself. It is some such motive that impels people to discussion; though they are too often content with the jousting of pasteboard knights. But a good discussion is not only a conflict. It is fundamentally a coöperation. It progresses towards some common understanding. This does not mean that it must end in agreement. A discussion will have been adequate if it has done no more than set the problem in its significant terms, or even defined the purpose that makes such a setting significant. You turn up things in your mind that would have remained buried without the incision of some new idea. The effort to say exactly what you mean, sharpening your idea to the point that will drive home to others, is itself invigorating. A good discussion tones up your mind, concentrates its loose particles, gives form and direction. When all say exactly what they mean, then for the first time understanding—the goal of discussion—is possible.

Discussion demands a mutual trustfulness, a mutual candor. But this very trustfulness makes discussion vulnerable. It is particularly open to the attack of the person who sees in the group a forum. The physical signs of such a misinterpretation are familiar. The eye becomes slightly dilated, the voice more orotund. The suggestion develops into an exposition, the exposition into an apologia or recrimination. Discussion is slain. Another enemy is the person who sidetracks a sentence and then proceeds in a leisurely way to unload its freight into his own wagon. But in a good discussion the traffic is kept constantly moving in both directions along a rather rigid line of track, and the freight arrives somewhere. Some people have a fatal gift of derailment. Wit is perhaps the most common means. Discussion has no greater enemies than those who can catch an idea and touch it off into a puff of smoke. Wit should salt a discussion but not explode it.

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Good discussion is so important that those who set about it may be rather pedantic and self-conscious in their enterprise. One may acutely realize oneself as being, for the time, primarily a mind. He renounces the seeming of personal advantage in an argument. He sincerely and anxiously searches his intellectual stores in order to set down exactly what he thinks in just the proportions and colors that he thinks it. He studies what the others say, and tries to detect quickly the search for advantage or the loose use of terminology. He insists that words and phrases have meanings, and if they carry no meaning to him, he searches indefatigably until he has found the word that does carry over the full freight of significance intended.

The rewards for such pedantry are found in a tone of clear thinking. A good discussion increases the dimensions of every one who takes part. Being rather self-consciously a mind in a group of minds means becoming more of a person. Ideas are stale things until they are personally dramatized. The only good writers of opinion are those who instinctively reproduce the atmosphere of discussion, whose sentences have the tone of discussion with themselves or with an imagined group. The impulse for discussion is an impulse towards the only environment where creative thinking can be done. All the more reason why an instinct for workmanship should come in to insure that thought does not lose itself in feeble sparring or detached monologue.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

One War and Navy Department

IN considering the question of military preparedness two distinct problems are presented: that of the character of military and naval establishments, and that of the organization that shall be employed for the securing and maintaining of these establishments. The first is a purely technical problem, and decision in respect to it should properly rest with our professional military and naval advisors. The second is a question of business organization and administration. Here it may well be that the judgment of persons who lay no claim to a knowledge of technical military affairs, but who have concerned themselves with matters of general administration, may prove of value.

In the War and Navy Departments at Washington we have two great offices of administration, the functions and general character of whose work are almost identical. Following these we have two independent services for handling the matters of manufacture or purchase of munitions, equipment, and supplies of all kinds, the warehousing, issue and transportation of these supplies, the recruiting of personnel, the disbursement of funds, the keeping and auditing of accounts, the preparation and rendition of financial reports, and the handling of vast amounts of correspondence and records involved in attending to these matters. As business procedure all these operations are practically identical in character.

In the field we have a similar duplication of plant, organization, and work on a large scale. Though the problems of ordnance and ammunition supply are so largely the same for the two services, we have separate establishments for the manufacture or purchase of guns, powder, shells, and other munitions of war. Independent recruiting stations are maintained throughout the country. In many of our coast cities and in most of our insular dependencies, we have naval stations and military posts located side by side. Each in large part duplicates the plant of the other. Each has its grounds to be taken care of, lighted and supplied with water and other facilities; each its hospital, its commissary or supply department, its depots, its stores of supplies, its paymaster, accounting service, and the like. One will bring supplies at great expense from long distances to meet its needs, though the other across the way may have an abundance of the articles required. The increased cost thus entailed in maintaining two separate plants must run into many thousands of dollars annually in each case where such duplication exists. Of equal importance is the fact that a demand is made for the services of officers who would otherwise be available for field work proper.

The mere enumeration of these points at which duplication exists, however, gives but little idea of the enormous amount of additional work and expense that is entailed by the keeping up of two independent establishments. The army and navy are, it need hardly be said, purchasers of supplies on a vast scale. All these purchases are made according to specifications prescribed by the two services. Each of the services has thus a tremendous amount of work to do in the way of drafting specifications, making tests, inspecting samples, and checking deliveries. Manufacturers and dealers desiring to do business with both services have to take account of the differences of requirement in quoting prices. The saving that could be secured in this single field by standardizing specifications, and by maintaining a single service

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for the drafting of these specifications, the making of tests, the inspection of deliveries, and the settlement of the accounts would in itself amount to a large sum. Incidentally the gain that would result from standardizing equipment and supplies so that they would be commonly available to the two services would be of the first order. What is true in respect to this matter of securing supplies is true of almost every other feature of the business operations of the two departments.

What are arguments which will almost certainly be brought forward to support the existing system? The first of these will undoubtedly be that it is the one approved by long usage—that it is the one that has been adopted by almost all, if not all, other nations. The writer will not deny the force of this as a point of departure from which to examine the problem. The question remains, however, whether conditions under which armed forces are now maintained and war is waged are not so radically different from those which obtained in former times as to require quite a different system for meeting them.

The overwhelming lesson of the present war is the importance of the work that must be done back of the fighting lines. War is surely as much a contest of abilities to organize resources and to provide the men with all the munitions, materials and devices needed as it is one of physical combat. To a greater extent than ever before, the controlling factors are business organization and efficiency. If the maintenance of two separate administrative organizations means an unnecessary draft upon the manhood and financial resources of the country, it stands condemned.

A second point that will undoubtedly be raised is that the two services are so dissimilar in character that separate organizations must be provided for their maintenance and operation. Is this true? That the two services as regards their field establishments are quite dissimilar no one will question. What is here under consideration, however, is, not the character of these establishments, and their operations in the field, but the whole administration machinery for their raising, equipment and direction. The navy, it is true, consists of vessels and their complements of officers and men. Vessels, however, are not built, equipped, and supplied on the water. The whole great work of bringing a navy into existence and in large part of its direction is performed on land. The navy, no less than the army, must have its land stations, its arsenals, its factories, powder plants, supply depots, recruiting offices, training schools, etc. All the administrative work that has to be performed in providing and maintaining a navy, though differing in details, presents the same general problems of business procedure as does the army. And, in this connection, it is important to note that the proposal to consolidate the War and Navy Departments into a single Department of Public Defense in no sense carries with it the idea of lessening in the slightest degree the independent status of the army and the navy or field establishments. The navy as a field force will continue to be as distinct a service as it now is. It will be one arm of a general military service under a single general direction in the same way that the infantry, cavalry, field artillery, coast artillery, and engineer corps now constitute distinct services under the unified business administration of a single War Department.

It is possible that many may concede the advantage of a unified administration of military and naval affairs during peace but will hold that when war intervenes a duality of control is required. Unfortunately for this contention it is precisely at this time that the principle of independent operation of the two services is under the present system largely abandoned. In other words, the moment that the contingency arises for the meeting of which the two services are provided, every effort is made, as far as the duality of departments will permit, to operate under a joint general direction and to secure the advantages resulting from a common utilization of the resources of their combined plants and personnel.

Prior to the outbreak of hostilities every country should adopt and put into effect a general scheme for defense and formulate plans for such military operations as it is at all likely to be called upon to undertake. This means that a decision must be reached regarding the extent to which reliance will be placed upon the army or the navy in the establishment of certain ends. Shall the defense of the Panama Canal be provided for by the erection of land fortifications in charge of the army, shall it be left to the navy, or to the joint action of the two? To what extent shall the protection of our harbors and seacoasts be entrusted to the army or the navy? What provision for defense shall be made in the way of mine fields, and to which department shall be given the direction of this work? If operations are to be conducted in foreign territory what shall be the parts assigned to each service?

The mere asking of these questions shows to how large an extent the problem of national defense is a single one. It may be held that these are questions which can readily be met by conferences between the two departments. Experience, however, shows that this is not so. It is almost certain that at the present time acute differences exist between the two departments in respect to the relative parts that they should play in respect to particular features

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of the general scheme of national defense. It is a question whether the navy believes that the money expended for the fortification of, and maintenance of a large garrison of troops at the Canal Zone could have been better expended in increasing the navy. It is doubtful whether there is complete agreement in respect to which services should be entrusted with the maintenance and operation of mine fields for the protection of harbors. Anyone at all familiar with the inside history of operations at Santiago doing our war with Spain knows how serious were the differences between the two services about the plan of operations that should be pursued and how acute were the disagreements that arose in carrying out the plan that was adopted. It is more than likely that cordial agreement did not exist between the British War Office and the Admiralty in respect to the ill-fated expedition for the forcing of the Dardanelles. But whether these things are so or not the fact remains that unity of plan and action is required and that such unity can better be secured by unity instead of duality of administration. In an article which will appear next week, the writer will discuss what reforms in our military administrative system, independent of the consolidation of the War and Navy Departments, are needed and feasible.

WILLIAM F. WILLOUGHBY.

An Uninteresting Case

I HAD been advised not to go to the Red Cross Hospital in Sofia to speak with the one English prisoner there, because he was an "uninteresting case." At the Hospital they finally unearthed the doctor who spoke German, and I told him I had come to talk with the wounded Englishman. "Certainly," said the doctor, with that instant friendliness I began to believe was characteristic of unofficial Bulgarians, which lies deeper than courtesy.

He was not in the ward when we entered, but when he came through the door I knew he was Irish the moment I looked into his eyes, which were the roundest bluest things in the world. He told me later his name was James Corcoran. You had only to see the eyes to know that the man was called "Jimmie" at home. He hobbled past me to his cot. When he had seated himself I said, "So you're one of the boys who got through!" And his eyes grew even rounder and brighter.

He had enlisted on January 1st, 1915, in Dublin, and gone with the Connaught Rangers to the Dardanelles. Four months of trenches, two important engagements,—"we took three trenches from them," he said of his regiment, with no particular pride, merely a quiet and it may be indirect expression of his opinion of the Turks. Then long periods "worse than fightin'," with "water two miles off, and shrapnel and snipin' all round." He added, with comical appreciation of the irony of his position, "We were glad to get out of the Dardanelles and be shipped to Saloniki."

All the time he was bending slightly up and down, running his hand over his thigh from knee to waist.

"A little uncomfortable," he explained.

"How did the boys feel when you started for Bulgaria?" I asked.

"Oh, fine o' heart!" he said in conventional smiling Irish.

They had pushed forward in good order and finally entrenched; scraped a two-foot scratch in Balkan mountain rock.

"We were in the first line, and we were there for nine days and nights, and it was as cold as ——." he stopped.

"Say it," I begged him.

He smiled.

"What kind of clothes did you have?"

"Our Dardanelles suit."

So it was true; it had been almost impossible to believe.

"We was up in the mountains with the same stuff we wore down in Gallipoli in summer," he went on, in his unimpassioned way; "The trenches only came up to your knees, and no protection at all; and then there was no food."

"No food?"

"Well, a biscuit, a bit of jam and some tea, maybe."

"How many times a day?"

"Twice a day some, three times a day some, mostly once; when they could get it to us. Just enough to keep the life in you."

"What did you do all that time?"

"We had to be looking out always; you had to be on your knees, too, for that. No sleep—o' course you dozed a bit now and then, but mostly you had to be watchin'."

Impossible to go forwards or backwards, impossible to be relieved; stupefied with the bitter icy waiting. I was told later the German officers had maintained that nine days' delay. The Bulgarians would never have held the *comitadjis* back so long.

"And how did the boys feel?"

"Oh—" he stopped, puzzled. Fortunately he was no psychologist or he would have told me how the boys felt, and I should not have learned that there are times when you do not feel.

"The last two days—" he began, and stopped again, puzzled. "Well, we—didn't feel good," he finished lamely.

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"What do you mean? — You sort of woke up, and felt — ?"

"We felt something coming," he said, tersely; and just for an instant I felt what those men, a yard apart in the knee-high trenches that were no protection at all, had felt.

"We knew they were getting ready for something," he said, with another stop, in that elliptical fashion of his.

"Artillery?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "artillery."

"What about your own?"

"Oh, the English guns were no good at all," he said, decidedly. "The French was all right. The Bulgarians worked theirs fine."

At the foreign office they had told me the English and French artillery worked much better than the Bulgarian, but Jimmie had been out there nine days and nights, in Balkan mountain wind and tropical clothing, and at the end the Bulgars had come "with the knife." I do not imagine you can remember much difference between shrapnel and bayonets sometimes. Moreover, it is true that the effect of only the enemy's shrapnel was apparent to Jimmie; but it is equally true that the Bulgarians are so inordinately proud of their prowess with the "knife" that they gladly belittle any other excellence of the army merely to enhance the glory of their bayonets. "Ein dummer Pat!" Herbst of the Intelligence Office said impatiently, when I repeated to him what Jimmie had said of the Bulgarian artillery.

"Yes," Jimmie said again, in his even tone, "ours was all mismanaged—bad handlin'—I think it was the Colonel's fault."

"Then the Bulgarians came?" I prompted. "Did you check them at all?"

"We was fagged—no life in us left. And then they was three to one, and we each of us a yard apart." He bent down and stroked over his wound again.

That was all. January first, took the King's shilling, and later took four months of the Dardanelles; after that he marched "fine o' heart" with a tropically clothed division the majority of whose members had never seen service into an early Macedonian winter to meet the Bulgarians, was ripped with a bayonet through the left thigh and now lay comfortable and quite content in the Red Cross Hospital in Sofia where he received every care the Bulgarians themselves received.

"The only trouble is—they don't understand you," he said, not by way of complaint, but to explain.

One year this bit of flesh and blood and bone had played the game with steel, and he was one of those who had come through, even survived the errors of his officers. I looked at the mild amiable man, with his large girl's eyes and face with no indication of energy or personal assertion. This Irishman, who in the normal course of events might never have gone from Dublin to London, here in Sofia. For all the purposeless pain of the situation it was shriekingly comic.

"Who fights the best?" I asked, rather pointlessly.

He smiled at the stupidity of the question.

"Oh, the Bulgarians," he said, with the nearest approach to emphasis I had heard from him, bending down over the discomfort of his wound again.

FERDINAND REYHER.

CORRESPONDENCE

Why Not Keep Tradition?

SIR: A recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC published a letter that criticised certain ideas of Mr. Walter Lippmann in an article of his (the second of two) that had surveyed the new manner in art under differing titles. Those two articles were so delightfully adequate that only a very competent authority could possibly have reopened the question. Mr. Stein did so, contending that your essayist had not done justice to the sincerity of the "new" artists; that "sincerity as truly leads them to make Synchromist pictures to-day, as it led the masters of the cinquecento to make Last Suppers." Mr. Lippmann in a bracketed reply reiterates his position successfully, asserting that although "he cannot see how artists can return to the tradition" (and this is the concession to Mr. Stein that gives me trouble), "there is not in present tendencies any adequate effect of *expressing more* than the tradition did," which is the effect that Mr. Stein claims to be their sincere aim; and he seeks to explain their failure on the ground that modern life has grown to be so complex that art has had to translate itself on another plane.

Having gone all the way so joyfully with the writer in his two essays—so relieved at such a champion—I am impelled to ask why we may not also keep the tradition. I want to suggest a possible cause of its apparent loss and a possible clue to its recovery. The cause is, I believe, not a lack of personal sincerity in the artists themselves, but a lack of true relation in them toward modern life, and especially a basal lack in modern life itself through failure to translate into remedial action the universal consciousness of terribly imperfect social conditions. In feudal times, when "responsibility for the universe had not been invented," how simple to be an artist! How easy to make Madonnas and Gothic Cathedrals when faith was nearly the whole mental concern of man! Or portraits of princes when ironic questions as to divine rights had not entered the world's head! And how easy in the first flush of a new social order in France for a vital romantic movement to hold sway perfecting itself later in every variety of luminosity until nothing further technically seemed possible of attainment *within* the tradition! And this brings me to my point, that the breaking-down of post-impressionism into eccentricity and futility can be explained, I believe, by the breaking-down, contemporaneously, of all satisfaction in the democratic order, a disillusion with it and a growing

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discontent with the bases of modern life. I do not ask that an artist shall put reform on his canvas or in his score. I merely want him to *recognize* the "world's old lie" and to deplore it. That would put him at once into true relation with society, unable to produce, by any chance, futile, eccentric or blasé work. The tradition could thus be trusted to take care of itself as Professor Mather believes it can in any case, and as Mr. Masefield believes, truth being so infinitely larger and more various than any individual application of it, or any categories that Futurist or Imagist can try to bring it into. In short, is not the tradition as potent and as safe above keeping or leaving as evolution itself? Happily, archeology shows the cro-magnon coming from the ape, not the ape from cro-magnon.

ISABEL N. WILDER.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Lost Art of Reporting

SIR: Is newspaper reporting a lost art? I think THE NEW REPUBLIC might render a distinct service by attempting to answer that question and the further question: What is news?

Mr. Maurer speaks before the Labor Forum quoting a statement made by a member of the Pennsylvania constabulary. The statement is imputed to Mr. Maurer, perhaps not deliberately. Several prominent New Yorkers have the case put up to them with an "if," and they make a conditional statement. The "if" is lost in the interim, and the published interview is not what the man said at all. Mr. Creel discusses this statement at a subsequent meeting of the Labor Forum. What he says is distorted and taken out of its context. And another straw man is set up and knocked down. Professor Beard makes further reference to the same subject at the Conference on Community Centers and Related Problems. Again distortion, misquotation and lack of understanding! Professor Beard's discussion was essentially illuminating, fundamentally American, and eminently sane.

Take, too, the report of the Conference on Community Centers. What happened or what was said was practically unreported or reported only in driblets, except the alleged sensational remarks of Professor Beard. On what happened in these meetings, hardly a word was printed. One of the protagonists of the opposing points of view represented at the Conference gave out "canned" interviews. These required no work by the newspaper reporters, not even re-writing. These were published. The "news" upon which they were based and which would have made them "understandable" to the man-in-the-street was not reported.

The estimable *Survey* writes its report of this meeting evidently from the partial accounts of the newspaper. Surely the writer of the report was not present at the meeting, and the readers of the *Survey* are denied an intelligent report of one of the most significant conferences that has been held in years. Perhaps words that Talcott Williams used in another connection may be applicable here:

> "There is no month in which I do not see, either in the paper with which I have been long connected or in newspapers elsewhere, some report of an official transaction, contract or annual balance sheet, which would carry its constructive lesson to the public if it had only been written by a man who had had training in how to get the facts out of the tangled reports which accumulate by routine and without system, as man after man passes through the mill of municipal, state or federal administration."

Speed the day of the fact-loving, truth-serving, intelligent reporter!

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK.

Madison, Wisconsin.

Neutrality Not Hypocritical

IN its recent editorial on "Hypocritical Neutrality" THE NEW REPUBLIC seems rather to assume without demonstration that the neutrality is hypocritical; but on the facts which it must have had in mind it seems to me that either one word or the other in the phrase is misused.

"Hypocrisy" is defined as "feigning to be what one is not"; THE NEW REPUBLIC intimates that the United States was feigning to be neutral when it was not so in fact. In this it fails to distinguish between the results of neutrality in dealings of private citizens with the belligerents, and neutrality itself, which is a legal term meaning "absence of governmental participation, direct or indirect." Now, a rule of law is meant to apply in all situations which may occur, until properly amended; but a proper amendment cannot be made by a single nation in the midst of a crisis which centers on that rule. This THE NEW REPUBLIC has recognized, and it therefore does not urge an embargo, for that would be a direct participation of our government in the war.

But, admitting this, how can THE NEW REPUBLIC then denominate neutrality based on that rule of law as hypocritical, knowing that both belligerents based their national policies, previous to the war, upon the existence of this and other rules of international law? That the law of neutrality in this particular instance happened to work out favorably to the Allies is true—and no doubt fortunate, in view of the prevailing American sentiment; but this good fortune is the result of coincidence, not of the acts of the United States. If the effect had been to favor Germany, the United States should, and, I believe, would have acted no differently than it has in the present case. As it is, no one can blame Germany for protesting against our position, or for using the leverage of her concessions upon our relations with Great Britain; it is merely a matter of policy with Germany. That Germany cannot or will not realize the difference between claims for the security of American lives, which are by nature urgent, and claims for damage to trade, which can wait till the war is over and England has time to consider their justice, does not make our position any the less proper.

Admitting that an attempt to adjust an existing rule to what the United States might think was equitable would be the height of partiality, we see as alternatives our present position, justified by preëxistent law, or a policy of affirmative action toward voluntarily entering the war. THE NEW REPUBLIC seems to argue that the fact, that the rule of law in this case works unfairly, of itself forces the United States to enter the war or be considered unneutral, hypocritical. However this may be from the viewpoint of policy, I cannot see the logical force of this position; I can only explain it as the result of the loose use of "neutrality" or rather of the term "hypocritical," which seems to me utterly misleading. The United States *is neutral;* if THE NEW REPUBLIC thinks this is bad policy, let it say so, instead of implying that we are not what we are.

WILDER H. HAINES.

Cambridge, Mass.

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Books and Things

THERE were four youths, the kind one often sees outside a pool-room, now seated in a quiet row under the large U. S. map. A picture of Jesus was near the map. One of the youths was quite dough-faced. The farthest away was swarthy and virile, with an affirmative chin. Next to dough-face was a blond. I forget him. At my end was a bright New York Jew. And, detached from them, a smiling negligible Swede with well slicked hair.

At right angles with their backs to the high studio light —tintype photographer's rather than artist's—were the women. Nearest the fire was a blonde factory girl, in cheap shirt-waist, one high-heeled foot crooked under her low rocking chair. An elderly German woman with chalk-white face sat by her. A Canadian socialist lecturer came next, a large woman with a commanding figure and a fine face and a formidable square-rigged hat. Next her a refined lady in a veil. And in a low chair near the men a hatless dusky Russian girl with soft lustreless dark hair and a deep intense gaze.

In our row were myself, the lady who later disgraced herself by going to sleep and the Canadian socialist's sister, a smaller version, who got into a family spat. Behind me, all by himself, sat a tall smiling middle-aged man, a coat over his dark blue working jeans. He looked like a Scandinavian.

The most arresting figure in the room by long odds was the host himself. It was a cold night and he sat near the fire, which he kept poking continually and feeding with bits of broken packing case. He was dressed unusually, the first thing one noticed when he had stepped into the room. His coat was peculiarly long and the vest sheathed him as if buttoned behind. It was all made of a cheap, light-colored washable material. His head was slender and well-poised, his hands sensitive. He had a refined face with an ugly loose jutting underlip. He had a strong deliberate voice with slow emphatic enunciations. He knew what he was about. He was clearly practised in the art of handling people. But there was a sort of New England clarity and directness and breeding about him. I liked him.

The unlit fire gave our host a cue. He lighted it at the top and before he started it below he made it a parable of religion. In his sententious, but agreeable manner he suggested that no real religion could be started from above. He asked why. Tentative responses helped him to formulate the answer that the workers were at the bottom and religion was necessarily connected not with leisure but with work. When the fire yielded to his coaxing and some maternal direction from the Socialist, the next thing we did was to take hymn-books handed us by the blonde factory girl, and to turn to No. 55. It was called "The Sacrament of the Revolution." All sitting in our seats under the sharp electric light we proceeded to sing the hymn. The host had the slowest and positively most unmusical delivery I have ever heard. But he led us, or rather drove us with an iron check, through two verses of the hymn. Then, as soon as the wood was blazing, one of the young men niftily turned out the lights.

The word Mammon occurred in the hymn and the host recalled the words of Jesus about Mammon. He made everyone chant these words, following the hymn. Perhaps it was in reference to that that we got to speaking about an unoccupied camp-chair. It was an ugly thing, a picked chicken of a chair, a joyless factory production. It stood guiltily before our eyes. From some discussion of the causes of its ugliness, the main one being its mere production for profit, he went on to descant on the social revolutionists in whom the love of beauty was most pronounced, Ruskin and Morris and Wagner and Shaw and Ibsen and Oscar Wilde. Revolutionists, he said, had mainly the thirst for beauty. And believers in the religion of revolution could hold up their heads. Intellect and self-respect could join in their religion. Unlike the Salvation Army, on one hand, or the respectable Methodists and Episcopalians, on the other, they had a religion that could unite self-respect and intellect. And in a moment he was talking of religion and science; of Actuality, the realm of material things and of Reality, the realm of the spirit and imagination and God.

It did not take him long to justify his idea of prayer as intensely intellectual, best undertaken after the cold bath in the morning, or to evoke many spontaneous images of prayer. To one it was a refreshing fountain. To another it was a pathway to God. To a third it was the watering of the flower that drooped. To another it was a coal from the flame on high. Having told that a fair idea had come to himself that afternoon as an angel visitant, and that he was liberal enough spirit to thank God, the Russian girl told how she too had had "nice thoughts" recently and had been grateful. She was emulative of his liberal spirit. She had been "nervous," but she went on in autobiography and soon she was speaking of a Catholic girl in the factory who couldn't understand why she, who had not been wicked, had been afflicted by God with a sore throat. "I told her, not blaming her at all because she's my friend and I like her very much, but somehow she is just good but doesn't do anything for other people, that she ought to think about other people too, it wasn't enough just to be good herself." An involved explanation followed. The Russian girl couldn't tell the Catholic girl of her own Religion of the Revolution. It was too "dear and fine" to discuss in the factory. But she'd told the Catholic girl that she did things for other people these evenings. She had scruples about it. On all sides she was at once urged to bring the Catholic girl. "I feel she is on her way," said the host. "All right," glowed the girl, "to-morrow I'll speak to her about Sunday." In spite of her previous secrecy in the factory, she was rapt at the thought.

And then, after a little more dissertation, came prayer. It was prayer in silence, in the fading light of the fire. But after a while the silence was broken by the host. His brief prayer ended in silence. Then from the reticent elderly German came a throbbing sentence. Then, "O Great Unseen One," began one of the young men. The words were always simple. Perhaps seven or eight uttered an apostrophe to the Reality they had tried to possess.

"I hadn't the courage," blurted the shy youth afterwards, as the host shook hands under the full electric light and admonished those who hadn't prayed. But the last prayer he himself had uttered had ended in the words "industrial democracy." After that unprimitive conception somehow, no one could have volunteered.

We were gravely invited to attend the Sunday service and the fifteen of us started to leave. Fifteen would be enough, he had told us, to change the world. Even twelve, allowing for three who through disability had not reconciled Actuality and Reality enough. "But sometimes, I don't know, a person is nervous," the Jewish youth had confessed with an apologetic laugh. "Not if he has learned to live in Actuality and Reality," answered the leader. But the prospect seemed too hard for the fifteen. They left the searcher for apostles, still timorous neophytes of the Real.

F. H.

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History with a Purpose

Nationality in Modern History, by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

ONE of the rude things about mental progress is its disrespect for authority. When a man spends years of his life attaining authority under an old mental régime it is a wretched disregard of him to establish new notions of prestige. In a well regulated society, a society like China, these things are better managed. There, if we are to believe ethnologists, the mind conforms to the institutions. It is a country where age is supposed to improve everything, even eggs. In a country like China a historian like Dr. Rose would be happy. He is a titular personality and he would be accorded respect. Dr. Rose is a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, a Reader in modern history to that university, a corresponding member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In the opinion of his publishers he is "one of the ablest of modern historians." To question him, even in the western world, seems like shaking the pillars of the temple. But unfortunately, without any regard for the years men spend getting adopted as Fellows and Readers, the conception of history to-day is not the conception on which Dr. Rose attained authority. And if one respects the new conception Dr. Rose's authority falls to the ground.

Historians without scientific ambition may well resent a criterion which they were not trained to regard. It means a departure from the glowing annals of old in the direction of mere soundness—an aspiration to present records without policy or piety, bias or fear, to deal with facts as firmly and dispassionately as Darwin. If a man has the old unanalytic method and clings to it, it is a hardship to be assayed for new purposes. But, as Professor J. Harvey Robinson affirmed some years ago, it is "history's new ambition to become scientific." And unless a historian has this ambition, whatever his titular authority, it is critically treacherous to term him modern.

In apology for Dr. Rose it may be said that his past performances are generally held to be creditable, that his country is at war and that he delivered the lectures which make up this volume only a few months ago. It is no doubt hard in wartime to put the stuff of history, which is also the stuff of patriotism, through the cold refinery of science. But one of the ugliest things to-day, as an outsider sees it, is war's effect on thought. If there was ever a time in which men who handle facts should handle them scrupulously it is to-day. Just because "the rights of small nations" is an issue of the war it is a historian's duty to present the story of those "rights" with candor and completeness. But candor and completeness are not Dr. Rose's characteristics. It is his ambition to be inspiring, not scientific; to educate the young patriotically by making history do politics a good turn. In this department the Germans were supposed to be supreme, though science was their watchword. But the deference of the professors to the government is not confined to Germany. Dr. Rose gives an English example of the same cult.

No apologist for small nationalities should blink the difficulties of national contentions. It is easy enough to say with Mounier that "the principle of complete sovereignty resides essentially in the nation." One is slow to challenge this principle if world-dominion is imminent, or even neighborly conquest, but "the principle of complete sovereignty" is not only incompatible with international order, but it has been disregarded by every powerful nation, quite as much by the nations that formulated it under necessity as by nations more happily ordered. The major difficulty with Dr. Rose, however, is that he starts off to maintain the rights of nationalities, in obedience to the cant of the moment. The principle of nationality is so convenient, with German aggression in mind, that it appears wholly glorious to him. "Every civilized nation, when thoroughly awakened to conscious life, must control its own destinies and will not long submit to be held down by another people"—this about the France of Charles VII. And again: "It is open to question whether small States, the life of which is homely and the burdens light, do not favor the growth of the intellect far better than the enormous aggregations of the present, with their vast and diffuse aims, their complex problems, and the crushing load of taxation and military service."

If Dr. Rose were not an Englishman one might suppose he really believed these things. But an Englishman who believes in the Empire can scarcely believe these things, especially if he contends that "Nations make States; not States, nations." It is convenient for him to deny that the British Empire is an empire. (It "is in spirit a Federation rather than an Empire.") It is convenient for him to believe that the Empire has the same tendencies as Switzerland and the United States. "They do not need to conquer their neighbors; they attract them by the charm of their culture." But it was not the charm of British culture that attracted the Boers to the Empire. It was not the charm of British culture that was evident in the "cruel necessity" of attacking Copenhagen. Nor, indeed, was it the charm of American culture that James G. Blaine emphasized in 1881 when he spoke of assimilating the Hawaiian Islands with the American system, "to which they belong by the operation of natural laws and must belong by the operation of political necessity."

That word "necessity" implies an imperial process which it is idle to disguise in connection with nationality. It is clear, as Dr. Rose describes, that the contrary process in Spain and France and Germany and Italy was operative in the nineteenth century. It is clear that a similar contrary process was struggling in the Balkans in recent years. But to define modern German imperialism as "the growth of a neurotic nationalism in Germany" is to lose the cue to the external problems of nationality. And it is to account for the phenomena behind the word "necessity" in a totally inadequate way.

If Dr. Rose were quite candid about empire he would inevitably be less free to talk about the rights of small nations. There can be no doubt, as scientific historians show us, that there is a conflict between empire and nationality, and one which can only be solved in favor of empire by the dissociation of statehood and nationhood. Because he evades the facts of the British Empire, the necessity or desirability of that dissociation does not press itself hard on Dr. Rose. He luxuriates in the principles of Mazzini. "The fault of all his predecessors lay in their proneness to bargain and compromise—tactics which gained some outside help, but stifled the enthusiasm of Italia's sons." But though he rejoices in the faith of Mazzini, in the strength of the sentiment in him, "the tremendous force of nationality," he does not see that it has any implications for the British Empire, or that it ever had.

The problems of nationality presented by the United States, Dr. Rose has not had time to discuss. The problems presented by Ireland he absolutely omits. It is true that what he says about Young Italy, about Germany in Napoleon's time, about France in the Revolution, about Spain,

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assumes a principle of nationality that the recent Irish revolutionists felt. "It is an instinct, and cannot be exactly defined; it is the recognition as kinsmen of those who were deemed strangers; it is the apotheosis of family feeling, and begets a resolve never again to separate; it leads to the founding of a policy on a natural basis, independent of a monarch or a State, though not in any sense hostile to them; it is more than a political contract; it is a union of hearts, once made, never unmade. These are the characteristics of Nationality in its highest form—a spiritual conception, unconquerable, indestructible." That nationality can exist independent of the state, Dr. Rose denies elsewhere. Jeanne d'Arc "uttered words instinct with patriotic wisdom: 'As to the peace with the English, the only one possible is that they should go back to their country in England.' That is the national ideal, for the first time clearly defined. The French are one people and must possess the whole of France. There will be no peace while the islanders hold down part of France." If this is not hostility, it looks like a twin. A "modern" historian would face it.

It is not hypocrisy that leads this historian to exalt the rights of small nations when the course of empire so often runs counter to them. Even when he talks about "gallant little Serbia" as contrasted with canny and suspicious Bulgaria, Dr. Rose is not consciously unscientific, biassed and unfair. What he illustrates is not hypocrisy, but cant. Hypocrisy is a deep-dyed offense, an offense against the soul. It involves the will, is a calculated pretense, a deliberate simulation of virtue. Cant is a milder kind of obscurantism, an offense against the mind. Like hypocrisy it assumes a piety it does not possess, but unlike hypocrisy it really believes itself to be pious. Dr. Rose really believes himself to care about gallant little nations. But those who cherish ideas of free nationality know, when empires are asked to pay the full price of free nationality, exactly how much such sympathy is worth.

F. H.

E. A. Robinson's Verse

The Man Against the Sky, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co., $1.00.

IN reading this little book of one hundred and forty-nine pages, one experiences a sensation akin to that of the man who opens a jar of compressed air. It is a profound wonder that so much can have been forced into so small a space. For Mr. Robinson's book has great power; it is dynamic with experience and knowledge of life.

In twenty years Mr. Robinson has printed four books of verse and two plays. Each volume is slim and reticent, and yet small as is the bulk of the work to make up the output of the best years of a man's life, in it the poet has achieved the result of putting before us a personality of original thought, of original expression, and quietly and unobtrusively making that personality a force in present day literature.

If we take the poetic currents which are running in America to-day, we shall find certain distinct streams which, although occasionally commingling, keep on the whole pretty well to themselves. The strange thing about Mr. Robinson's work is that it seems to belong to none of these streams. And yet no one reading these poems would feel justified in calling them not modern. The truth is that they are modern because they are universal. The scenes, the conversations, are modern; were the poet writing in the fifteenth century, these accessories would differ, but the content would be as modern in one age as another, because the essential quality of humanity does not change; men clothe their philosophy in different terms, the philosophy even may vary, but human nature does not vary, and Mr. Robinson deals with something which may fitly be called raw human nature—not crude human nature, but human nature simple, direct, and as it is.

The French critic Remy de Gourmont, in his famous book of criticism, "Le Livre des Masques," often epitomizes an author's whole work in a fancied scene. This method applies peculiarly well to Mr. Robinson. Let us suppose a man, mellowed, resigned, but a little sered withal, a kindly monk fled from the world after a large experience, sitting in his monastery, telling tales of old events, not judging, not extenuating, disillusioned, and calm because he has stamped so long upon the fires within him that now for the most part they burn quietly, obedient to control. He talks kindly, bringing up out of his past much that is interesting, some things that are terrifying. But he turns it all aside with a quiet smile. It is so long ago. There was really much to be said on the other side. It is over for him; these are only memories, you understand.

Such might be the picture this book calls up.

Reticence is the keynote of Mr. Robinson's work. His poems are astringent. The poet permits himself very few lyric bursts, but one

> As upward through her dream he fares
> Half clouded with a crimson fall
> Of roses thrown on marble stairs.

proves that this astringency is of design.

"The Man Against the Sky" (a symbolic title of great beauty) is curiously named from the last poem in the book. Why it is the last is quite evident, for it is a serious argument against a materialistic explanation of the universe, and bears with it a sense of finality which forbids its being followed by any other poems. The picture of the man silhouetted against a bright, sunsetting sky is very fine.

> Between me and the sunset, like a dome
> Against the glory of a world on fire,
> Now burned a sudden hill,
> Bleak, sound, and high, by flame-lit height made higher,
> With nothing on it for the flame to kill
> Save one who moved and was alone up there
> To loom before the chaos and the glare
> As if he were the last god going home
> Unto his last desire.

These lines strike the tone of the whole poem: High Seriousness. No other poet in America to-day has this power of high seriousness in so marked a degree as Mr. Robinson.

"The Man Against the Sky" is a remarkable poem, but hardly so original or so interesting as the other long poem of the volume, "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford." I can recall no imaginative work on Shakespeare half so real and alive as this. Here we have the two characters of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson sharply contrasted. A pox on the Baconians; this poem should silence them forever. I verily believe that this is Shakespeare to the life, if it isn't it ought to be.

This must be

> . . . . our man Shakespeare, who alone of us
> Will put an ass's head in Fairyland
> As he would add a shilling to more shillings,
> All most harmoniously.

It is so excellent, this poem, that one reads it over and

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over again, with growing interest each time. The lines run off as easily as conversation, proving Mr. Robinson a rare technician. The words never stick out of the poem to show how well chosen they are, but the whole is as vigorous as everyday talk. The last line, "O Lord, that House in Stratford!" keeps the note of vigor to the end, finishes the poem on a crashing major chord, as it were, and makes the pathos of much of it more pathetic because quite unsentimental.

Mr. Robinson is constantly affirming his optimism, and each affirmation only seems to bring out more clearly the innate pessimism from which he is forcing himself to flee. Joy Mr. Robinson seems to fear, distrusting it, again and again portraying it as mere phantasmagoria; in its place as the consoler of mankind he would put courage.

Courage and resignation, and the saving qualities of both, of what else are built the poems "Flammonde," "The Gift of God," "Old King Cole," "Eros Turannos," and many other poems? But how insufficient this nourishment is for life, is evidenced by the profound melancholy which pervades the whole book. Not even such dramatic stories as "The Clinging Vine," "Stafford's Cabin," or "John Gorham," can dissipate this atmosphere of brooding melancholy.

But Mr. Robinson is never a conscious cynic. We get no ironic sneers from him, rather a great, pitying tenderness for all his characters. Save them he will if he can, even though himself he may not save.

It is idle to ask if the greatest poetry can be built upon such negative lines. Certainly no one will ever go to Mr. Robinson's book to make a glad mood gladder, to fill himself with the zest and sparkle of life. These things Mr. Robinson has not at his command. His poems do not invigorate; they mellow and subdue. But in our material day, the spirituality of Mr. Robinson's work is tonic and uplifting.

The cryptic expression of many of these poems can hardly be considered as other than a flaw, as it often is in Browning, and why the failure in dramatic sense which permits such names as "Flammonde," and "Bokardo," and "Evander," to connote New England types, is a question hard to answer. Mr. Robinson is evidently a painstaking poet, a poet of many revisions. He prunes every tendency to luxuriance from his style. He aims at the starkness of absolute truth, and granted that what he sees be the truth, he usually attains it.

This poetry is "cribbed, cabin'd and confined" to an unusual degree, but it is undeniably, magnificently noble.

AMY LOWELL.

The Age of Iron Again

Socialism and War, by Louis B. Boudin. New York: New Review Publishing Association. $1.00.

THE six lectures which make up this volume were delivered by the author in a hall on the East Side in New York before a small group who paid ten cents admission to hear them. From those lectures has come a book that is the finest single example of Marxian analysis that has appeared since the death of Marx. And it contains one notable original contribution in the form of positive theory. The present warlike stage of capitalistic civilization is the result of the increased production of iron and steel to the point at which those products become the dominant elements in determining the economic policy of the producing country.

When Manchester was the spring of British political thought, it was the dove of peace that fluttered there, and the attitude of the British statesman toward all things foreign was that of the peaceful, benevolent missionary to the backward races. But about the year 1895 a change took place in the view of the Briton on foreign policies, and when Joseph Chamberlain entered the cabinet an imperialistic policy was already the avowed program of the leading British diplomats. In the Manchester stage, which Mr. Boudin takes as the type of capitalism in its nineteenth-century peaceful stage, the chief articles exported by England were textiles. To sell textiles to foreign peoples requires no elaborate diplomatic representations, no pressure to obtain concessions. The backward races of Asia and Africa have only to observe the inestimable superiority of "trousers and silk hats" to their own costumes, to become at once regular customers of an exporting nation. And the various civilized nations compete for the trade in "trousers and silk hats" on practically equal terms. The rest of the world becomes, from the standpoint of the selling nation, a great civilizable space, capable of seeing the advantages of the type of culture represented by the selling nation, and needing only to be initiated in order to become members in good standing. In other words, the ideological concomitant of the textile and small wares epoch is the Age of Enlightenment, the Brotherhood of Man, the Equality of Races.

But not so in the warlike period of capitalist development, which set in as the end of the nineteenth century drew near. Iron and steel became more important as

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articles of exportation than textiles. To sell iron and steel on a twentieth-century scale requires more than a customer merely aware of the advantages of obtaining these products and willing to buy them. No backward nation can afford to pay for a railroad, fully equipped for operation, running from seaport to mountain range. The free and open fight for sales to the human brother becomes, necessarily, a struggle for exclusive concessions and investment opportunities.

It is a singular coincidence that the Manchester School took its name from a textile city, and that Joseph Chamberlain, who symbolizes the change from the textile to the iron age, so far as England is concerned, was from Birmingham, the city of iron and steel. So much for England; but it may be objected that when we speak of the fight for concessions, we think rather of the arch-imperialist, Germany, than of free-trade British democracy. To Mr. Boudin, also, Germany appears as the leader in the great new fight for foreign concessions. But the peculiar thing about Germany is that that country "skipped" the textile stage and plunged into the production of iron and steel on a scale expanding in such colossal bounds that while she produced about one-eighth of England's output in this field in 1850, she more than doubled it in 1912 (1912: Great Britain, 8,839,124 tons; Germany, 17,586,521 tons; these figures are for pig iron only; see Mr. Boudin's table at the beginning of his fourth chapter). Obviously, if there is to be only one railroad built, there must not be more than one exploiting nation concerned in its building, unless the hopeless confusion that arose in the financing and constructing of the Bagdad railway is to be avoided. From this characteristic of the iron and steel situation, namely, the necessity that free competition be choked off by exclusive concessions, Mr. Boudin derives the entire system of individual national cultures which superseded, some time before the opening of the twentieth century, the old ideal of a universal civilization that had held sway in Europe for at least a hundred years. Now what are the ideological consequences of the struggle to penetrate a backward land to the exclusion, necessarily, of all competitors? To exclude the brother nation we must be better than he, and to control the destinies of the backward, we must be an inherently superior "race." There now arises "the White Man's burden," "*deutsche Kultur*," "*la pensée française*," and the ideal of the brotherhood of man is scrapped.

Incurable idealists will of course balk at the notion that conceptions so selfish as those pointed out by Mr. Boudin lie at the bottom of the nationalistic movements that have blossomed again so balefully in recent years. It may be debated whether or not textiles necessarily involved the construction of a universal standard, whereas our modern imperialistic tendencies are the outcome of the change to a foreign trade in iron and steel. But it is certainly significant that from the French Revolution to the founding of Kamerun in 1885, the intellectual forces of Europe were working, as they thought, towards human brotherhood; and since 1885 the number of men who have taught that there are individual human cultures very much superior to all others, has alarmingly increased. Count Gobineau, Nietzsche, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, represent the more intellectual exposition of the narrow nationalist culture ideal; Haeckel, Eucken, Kipling, and the Wells of bellum days are its more offensive spokesmen.

Mr. Boudin is frankly anti-German, but it is manifest that his anti-Germanism is the outcome of his Socialism and not of national bias. This point he omits in this volume but has promised to print in a later one instead.

J. W. H.

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